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Letters to the Editor (*continued*)

THE PUBLIC LENDING RIGHT

Sir, The main points that have arisen from the lengthy discussions on the Public Lending Right seem to be three in number.

(1) Authors, and to a lesser extent publishers, appear to have genuine grounds for complaint about their loss of revenue resulting from the free use of their books through the public libraries.

(2) If any method of compensation is adopted, the extra financial burden must fall on the local ratepayers or the exchequer—unless the whole concept of free lending libraries is to come to an untimely end.

(3) The task of maintaining a statistical record of the numbers of books borrowed would throw an enormous burden of work on library staffs.

I believe that a simple and straightforward system could be adopted that would go most of the way to meeting the grievances of the authors without any additional expense falling on the ratepayer or the taxpayer, and without necessitating more than a negligible amount of extra work on the part of the library staffs. I suggest that:

(1) A levy or fee should be paid on each book borrowed but only for a period of three months starting from the date of publication. That is to say, only for the period when sales are at a maximum and during which the author derives the greater part of his royalties. This would reduce the number of books subject to a borrowing fee to less than 5 per cent of the libraries' total stock, and hence reduce the work of the staff accordingly.

(2) The fee payable on each particular book should be (say) 5 per cent of the published price calculated to the nearest penny.

(3) Libraries should be supplied with forms of a convenient size that can be glued along one edge into the inner cover of each new book purchased. This form will have a space at the top on which will be written the title of the book, the author, the publisher, and the date when the three-month period terminates. It will also indicate the amount of the borrowing fee. (It may be termed the "New Publications Borrowing Fee").

(4) Each time the librarian issues such a book, he will record on this form by means of a rubber stamp that the appropriate fee has been paid. At the end of the three-month periods, the forms will be detached from the books and sent to the publishers. The fees collected by the libraries will be paid into a central fund from which the publishers can make periodic claims on the evidence of the total number of receipt stamps on the forms.

I do not claim that this system approaches true perfection, but it would, at least, remove most of the present injustice to the authors, while overcoming the anxieties of the libraries and the taxpayer.

BERNARD BRIAN.
1 Lancaster Grove, London, N.W.3.

Sir,—Mr. Bonham-Carter (April 13) writes that "public library purchases represent only 10 per cent of the home sales of books—small buying, large lending". Presumably this 10 per cent is arrived at by assuming that the libraries spend £6,500,000 annually out of the current home trade turnover of about £65m. But the libraries spend much more than £6,500,000, possibly as much as £10m. And the home trade figure of £65m. includes a lot of material which, I imagine, would not be relevant to the Public Lending Right—yearbooks and annuals, non-copyright books, H.M.S.O. publications, educational and non-net, paper-backs, and some medical, law and reference material.

All this means that the public libraries are very much better customers than Mr. Bonham-Carter is. In fact they are such good customers that without them a number of authors would never have got started, let alone established.

F. G. BOULT.
Maidstone.

Sir, "Unusual mental state" or "agitation of mind"? How the Concise Oxford Dictionary defines "emotion". Mr. James MacGibbon, in his letter to your issue of April 20, blames emotion for "unrealistic thinking" on the Net Book Agreement and the Public Lending Right. Mr. Bonham Buckley and his three Assessors gave no detectable signs of emotion throughout the five weeks' hearing when the Net Book Agreement was "referred" to them in the Restrictive Practices Court, nor did their judgment in favour of it betray "agitation of mind". It would be advantageous if the Public Lending Right could be discussed with something like the judicial calm they displayed. In that hope I make the following corrections to Mr. MacGibbon's statements:

The Library Association was officially invited to be represented on the Arts Council's Working Party, and declined. The reason for the refusal was *not* "because they did not subscribe to the proposal as originally delineated", which proposal was never envisaged by the Arts Council. Failing the Library Association, unofficial consultations *did* take place with some individual Chief Librarians. The plan evolved by the Arts Council Working Party does *not* "assume" that "a modification of the Danish and Swedish systems would succeed over here". It proposes a new system which owes something to both Denmark and Sweden. It is *not* "the librarians who will be responsible for administering the Lending Right". The "one chief librarian" who, Mr. MacGibbon says, "estimates that six extra staff would be needed for the immense task of sorting out the British copyright authors from the foreign copyright authors and all non-copyright authors" can comfort himself with the knowledge that it is *not* proposed that librarians should do this work. Librarians need *not* nerve themselves "to fight to the death" any proposal to charge individuals for borrowing, for no such proposal is made. And the scheme proposed would certainly *not* "cost about as much as it will yield". The cost of collecting Performing Right payments from hundreds of thousands of users of music and distributing them to hundreds of thousands of beneficiaries all over the world is a much more complicated and expensive task—than that involved in the present proposals for books, yet it has been carried out efficiently and to the satisfaction of the beneficiaries since the Right came into effective existence in 1911, at a cost not much greater than a tenth part of the yield.

The commission of so many fanciful errors in Mr. MacGibbon's letter suggests that it must have been written in an "excited mental state".

J. ALAN WHITE.
11 New Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Sir, One marvels at the constantly reiterated sympathy of librarians with the plight of authors who provide their raw material and their singular ingenuity in fabricating objections to every variety of scheme relating to public lending of books.

Mr. James MacGibbon tells us of a chief librarian's estimate that six extra staff would be required to sort the copyright goats from the non-copyright sheep. We are thus presented with a lurid picture of unrewarding effort and expense up and down the country. Indeed, one must agree with Mr. MacGibbon: the extra six might just as well be employed on trying to find the winner of the 3.30.

But why, in the name of reason, should this task be assigned to libraries? Surely the proper place for it are the publishers of authors? The most unique publishers must know the names of the authors whose books they have published over the ten or twenty years. At most, it could be required to copy, for authors to whom they have made advances or paid royalties, over years previous to a prescribed return would then be required to send a central register A. Double copyright authors would report this list, e.g. because they had published works privately or anything within the list period, should therefore be placed on their executors—by the publishers for in the case of published works, the central register of a request to be placed on register B. Any author who appeared in neither of these would be disqualified from participation in the share-out for use of the fund.

When one considers that authors not recover overpaid income, wishful thinking but hope against hope and vouch a repayment scheme is much to expect that publishers and authors should combine to provide the necessary backing to enable libraries to operate a workable scheme? Doubtless, to the usual outcry at having to do extra work but it is proposed that the information should be obtained and properly collated.

JOHN F. [illegible]
3 Hayne Road, Beckenham.

Sir,—Mr. Bonham-Carter is guilty of more than a mere inexactitude when he asserts that the proposed royalty on public use is "payment for use", that is, a pay-off-licence royalty. If there is any justification for this there is a much stronger justification for on-licence payment. Many large, or costly, or specialist works are frequently consulted on the spot but they are seldom taken out on loan. These are precisely those which cost their authors the most effort for the least remuneration. Why are they excluded?

In my opinion the whole scheme is misguided, for many reasons. One should suffice: it is a tax on [illegible].

THEODORE BESTERMAN
68 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Sir,—May I refer to the letter of Mr. W. J. Murison in your issue of last week?

(1) Mr. Murison asks why should the scheme go through? Successful authors would earn more money.

This is no crime. The best-selling success of their business enables them to earn more money than other authors. No one complains of this. The Inland Revenue looks after that. However, successful authors, by their sheer weight in the scheme in favour of popular that often no book by an author, it is proposed to adopt a descending scale of payments according to the stocks of a particular work held by Public Libraries.

(2) Mr. Murison's other objections are all based on the assumption that under Public Lending Right librarians might cease purchasing books for minority appeal, e.g. poetry. There is no reason why this should happen. Public Libraries will not be asked to finance Public Lending Right. The economic penalty will be borne by those vesting in books of minority appeal which any good library should represent in his stock.

VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER
Planning Officer, Society of Authors
84 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10.

MRS. GASKELL

Sir,—Mrs. Gaskell's familiarity with "the patterns of Scottish courtship" does not alter the fact that when she wrote to John Forster that Effie was engaged *at the very time she accepted* Ruskin she was accusing Effie of a breach of faith. She underlined these words herself and must have known that Forster, in London, would have understood and repeated them in this sense. My contention is that this accusation was as unfounded as the rest of the gossip about the Ruskins relayed by Mrs. Gaskell to Forster at the time of the break-up of the Ruskin marriage.

Miss Dobbin's opinion of Effie's appearance in *The Order of Release* is entirely irrelevant to the point at issue between me and Mr. Kennedy. I never meant to imply that Mr. Kennedy's mother was not telling the truth. I have no doubt that she repeated accurately what was told to her, but it must have been many years after Effie's engagement that she was old enough to be told, and truth, with time, can become a little distorted. I will concede that Effie's letter to her mother could possibly be read in two ways; therefore the [illegible] Ruskin's letters written at the time. The one of November 30, 1847, is read by Mr. Kennedy as proof that Effie was engaged to William with Ruskin's knowledge, and by me as proof that she was *not* engaged to him, and that it was his hopes merely which must be given the "coup de grace". But there is a later passage in this same letter, also quoted in *The Order of Release*: "Think of poor William losing you altogether, and through no *fault* of his own—no—no fully either—but because he *cannot* ask you." I take this as further proof that Effie did not break faith with William.

It may be of interest to quote here a passage, omitted from *The Order of Release*, about quite another suitor, in Ruskin's letter to Effie of November 11, 1847, soon after they became unofficially engaged: "I have been looking at your accounts of Mr. Tasker again—I feel sure he was telling his way that night—and if you had not walked so fast, he would have spoken plainly—but you acted rightly and like yourself—and saved him the mortification of direct refusal." Mr. Tasker was a son of James Tasker, a [illegible] in Perth, and had been a friend of Effie's parents. On May 3, [illegible] weeks after her marriage, Effie wrote to her mother: "Your [illegible] have been very agreeable [illegible] have felt it a little but [illegible] was there. I never could [illegible] anything so happy or [illegible] with him as with John." [illegible] show that Effie contemplated [illegible] Prizie Tasker at [illegible] believe that Mr. [illegible] the slightest danger of [illegible] a grandmother.

MARY LUTYENS
2 Hyde Park Street, London, W.2.

TRUFFAUT'S HITCH

Sir,—Your readers will be [illegible] to know that *Le Renard* [illegible] *cock* by François Truffaut [illegible] your edition of April 13 [illegible] lished by us in [illegible] version later this year.

JAMES [illegible]
Martin Secker and Warburg [illegible]
14 Carlisle Street, London, W.1.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
No. 3,401 66th Year THURSDAY MAY 4 1967 PRICE 9D

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"Apaches": an early (1916) drawing by George Grosz, number 58 of his selection *Ecce Homo*, whose republication is noticed on page 370.

ROMANTIC REACTION

WHEN IN 1833 HEINE wrote for French readers his account of the German Romantic school, he insisted, almost with regret, on the reactionary feudalistic attitudes that he detected even in the most enchanting lyrics and tales. His perceptions were sharpened by the late development of Friedrich Schlegel, Adam Müller and Joseph Görres into ultramontane supporters of the Restoration, of which he had bitter experience, and by the new wind of the July Revolution, which led him to treat Romanticism, poetic and political, as discredited and obsolete. In a comparable sanguinely liberal spirit, Dr. G. P. Gooch accorded in his excellent *Germany and the French Revolution* of 1920 only a small chapter to the Romantics, viewing this period as one in which the German political system began to be "modernized" and in which "the ultimate disappearance of feudalism and autocracy" was heralded.

* * *

Now, investigating more fully the same ground in *Le Romantisme allemand et l'état*, Professor Jacques Droz of the Sorbonne provides a new and important assessment, not of individual statesmen and ideologues but of the relative significance of Romantic political thought. His interest is directed centrally on the Romantics because he sees the period as one in which an ideology of reaction triumphantly asserted itself, to leave profound traces in subsequent German, and indeed European, history. For Dr. Gooch the Prussian reformers hold the centre of the stage, as the ancestors of Weimar democracy; for Professor Droz, Vienna was the heart of the resistance to Revolution and Napoleon alike, and its clerical legitimism the parent of later German reactionary theory. There can be no doubt that Professor Droz has properly brought into prominence features that Dr. Gooch underestimated; which is the truer overall pattern will still be decided, however, more by the future development of Germany than by argument.

We seem to be begging two important questions. Is there a consistent, general, Romantic political philosophy? And, if there is, does it link on, necessarily and organically, to poetic Romanticism? Professor Droz in his opening remarks asserts that the European Romanticisms belong together and goes so far as to claim that in the field of political thought there was "une mobilisation identique des esprits, désireux de restaurer les notions d'ordre, d'autorité et de tradition". But this large claim is not investigated or substantiated. What holds Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley and Byron together in this respect? If Coleridge is nearest to the German conservatives, Byron became the inspiration of European Romantic anti-conservatism. The French have their own chequered history, and if the early enthusiasm of Hugo and Lamartine for throne and altar was later discarded, are we to say they ceased being Romantics, or should we not rather conclude that legitimist-clerical politics were not inherent in the spirit of Romantic poetry, which groped to new political formulations in changed political situations?

* * *

If we confine ourselves to the German Romantics, the problem is simpler, yet more complicated than Professor Droz allows. In his conclusion he states, in terms that Georg Lukács would approve, that the irrationalism of Romantic thought was necessarily "counter-revolutionary". But he does not systematically examine the relations of poetry and politics, prudently (and scrupulously) limiting himself to the analysis of the expressly political views held by writers usually counted as Romantics, and to their relationship with other theoretical trends and the changing historical events. His own investigations show considerable diversity in their thought, as could be expected in a country of many different states, divided by different religious allegiances to churches of markedly different structure and power-ambitions, and affected in very different ways and degrees by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic conquests. Even as poets, it must be remembered, the German Romantics did not belong unambiguously together. Heine, though he entitled his book *The Romantic School*, prefers the more precise term "the Schlegel school" for the only close grouping, and repeatedly acknowledges that many of the writers he discusses—Fouqué, Arndt, Eichendorff, Hoffmann for instance—were neither personally nor ideologically directly connected with the Schlegels.

* * *

Yet, with these scruples in mind, it is impossible not to accept the very fully documented thesis of Professor Droz that there were consistent trends in the political attitudes of the German Romantics, some of which could be furthered and utilized, though not without qualification, by legitimist politicians like Gentz, the first translator of Burke's *Reflections*. At their source was, as Professor Droz sums it up, a longing for a society held together by a sense of community, of which Burke formulated the political principles.

It had, however, already found powerful expression in Herder's idealization of simple "organic" communities and his scathing attacks on the "mechanistic" bureaucracies of the German absolutisms and the inhumanity of the power-states England and France. But while Herder remained attached to an ideal of liberty and social justice, the shock of the events following the French Revolution turned the young Romantics in a different direction. Friedrich Schlegel, Tieck, Wackenroder and Novalis were all at first admirers of the Revolution, and two of Schlegel's most important early essays were devoted to the rational humanist Lessing and the notorious radical Georg Forster. Yet, with his uncanny intuition, Novalis wrote two articles in 1798 and 1799 that foreshadow the later anti-liberal trends. In both he constructs a model of an integrated political community that should supplant what he called the "factory-state" and replace its ruling principle, egoism (as he defined it), by affection; constitutions and contracts he considers to be egoism institutionalized. In *Faith and Love* the monarch is the mystic symbol of the community, and the social estates are organized in a rigorous hierarchy that limits their functions but also secures their stability. In *Europe or Christendom*, an idealized sketch of the medieval empire, this Protestant emphasizes the

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function of the Universal Church as the source and implement of the spiritual unity of society. These Utopias are, like most Romantic political thought, far removed from actuality, but they are significant as well as typical in that they discover a general theoretical formulation for the resistance to Enlightenment and to Revolution already there in Protestant and Catholic circles and among the aristocracy, and already formulated in France by Saint-Martin and De Maistre.

Such theorizing became more urgent and concrete under the impact of the Napoleonic conquest and reorganization of German states. Napoleon meant different things to different Germans, and it is necessary to consider the Romantic response, as Professor Droz most helpfully does, in the context of the wide turmoil he produced.

He represented on the one hand the Revolution, the abolition of feudal and guild privilege, careers open to talent, the Code Napoléon; on the other, after assuming the imperial title and making the Concordat with Rome, he represented a centralized authority, a legitimist monarchy supported by a hereditary peerage and sanctioned by the Church. Thus liberals and traditionalists could both admire and detest him. Görres, like Reichhardt or Beethoven, repudiated him for having abandoned the principles of freedom, while with a contrary intention Arnim and Brentano made their collection of German folksongs in an avowed attempt to stabilize a folk-consciousness against the impact of revolutionary change. Princes and administrators, eager to abolish feudal obstructions to monarchical power, learnt from Napoleon how to modernize their states; Hegel was for long an admirer of Napoleon in this sense. That Romantics like Adam Müller and Friedrich Schlegel were among the most implacable opponents of reforming statesmen like Hardenberg in Prussia and Montgelas in Bavaria, and that Savigny and the Historical School defended tradition against "rationalist" reform, was due not simply to anti-revolutionary conviction but also to their hostility to the concentration of unimpeded power in the hands of a despot.

But, in addition, Napoleon represented foreign domination, and as the conqueror he united men of contrasting political allegiances. Many, like Goethe or Johannes von Müller, "realistically" accepted a permanent subjugation of Germany—"the man is too great for you"—and there were "collaborators" who grew intoxicated over the vision of a new, pacific, unified Europe with France at its head. Collaboration was indeed widespread, especially in the states of the Confederation of the Rhine. But resistance also was widespread, among inveterate aristocrats like Marwitz, the opponent of the Prussian reforming statesmen Stein, Hardenberg, and Altenstein, and strongest both ideologically and politically, as Professor Droz rightly maintains, in Austria, the great stronghold of legitimism. It was in Vienna that Friedrich Schlegel, who had been slow to adopt Novalis's and Burke's conception of the state as an all-embracing spiritual and historical community, joined with éclat the Catholic Church and became an outstanding propagandist of clerical legitimism; and here August Wilhelm Schlegel in his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature* (1807-08) turned the argument between Shakespeare and the French classical drama into one between organic evolution and abstract reason. Uneasily allied with these forms of resistance there arose also an emotional nationalism, that sought to activate a national resistance, and bore in it a threat to traditional authority and indeed to German separatism. Always viewed with suspicion by practical statesmen and by legitimists, this nationalism celebrated its short finest hour in the Wars of Liberation, which unhappily for it were not wars for liberty.

The same ambivalence arose in the attitudes towards England, the ally in the struggle against Napoleon. To men like Stein England was the admired exemplar of national strength based on ordered liberties within a secure framework of aristocratic power, the alternative both to despotism and egalitarianism. To many it was the state of Burke's principles as translated into German terms. For Burke's conception of the state as an historical community, evolving organically in piety to the past, turned in Germany into a conservatism that sought to restore aristocratic privilege and to freeze the social estates in their ancient functions; representative assemblies and even the separation of powers are condemned as inorganic. Likewise, while the Prussian statesmen could appreciate the economic and even political advantages of the economic liberalism of Adam Smith, for many it was anathema as the source of social disintegration. Indeed, some supporters of the Napoleonic system argued that the dependence of England on trade made her inevitably an aggressive expanding power, forced to search for markets all over the globe, and hence the chief threat to peace and order.

In the complexities of this general situation the authoritarian structure of the German states did not change, and no representative institutions or political parties emerged. As a result, political thought tended to be either abstract or vague, since it was not disciplined by the test of practice nor by continuing responsible discussion. Romantic thought was no exception. In these years of Napoleonic domination the idea of community took the more inflammatory form of the *Volk*, and indeed Friedrich Schlegel wrote the Austrian manifesto of 1809 calling on the people to support Austrian arms. But he and other legitimists were hostile to nationalism as an independent movement, and only encouraged a technic that would support the social hierarchy and be guided by the Church. For them the *Volk* was not the German as a whole but the people of the separate states, and they recognized the revolutionary implications in the wider German nationalism of the times.

Both these conceptions of the *Volk*, these two sorts of nationalism, found prominent advocates among the Romantics, and though they were often very indefinite it is the practical and theoretical opposition between them that makes a single definition of Romantic political philosophy misleading. While the social theory of the clerical legitimists was more precise and consistent, it was the wider nationalism that was the chief legacy of this period to later German politics. Its political meaning was all the more exalting for its vagueness, and all the more extravagant because, as Heine sardonically observed, for the Germans it was so far from being embodied in any political actuality:

> The land belongs to the Russians and French,
> The English own the sea,
> But we in the airy realm of dreams
> Hold sovereign mastery. . . .

Hence those untranslatable terms *Gemütlichkeit*, *Volkstum*, *Volkheit*, *völkisch*, which have remained the stock-in-trade of German nationalists because of their evocative vagueness. They embrace, for Romantics like Jahn, Arndt or Görres, a heritage of pristine virtues to be restored and defended against modern sophistications, and in this sense young people pledged themselves to purity of heart, practised physical exercises, and wore olde German costume; racialism and anti-semitism crop up. With Fichte, for all his arrogant adulation of *Germanentum*, this nationalism was not truly political, for he imagined the Germans might establish "an empire of the spirit" in opposition to the "brutal material power" of other nations. For the younger Romantics it was, on the other hand, a political force that could direct the emancipation of Germany and perhaps, as with Görres, create representative institutions. Arndt is, in his ambiguity, more representative than Görres. He played an important part, alongside the statesman Stein, in whipping up national feeling against the French before and during the Wars of Liberation. But his ideal of the *Volk* was the free peasantry, and he remained an adherent of a monarchy resting on the landed nobility and the ancient corporations. As with the legitimists Schlegel and Müller, the chief effort of Romantic politics was to enlist the people in the national cause without offering them a share in government or the independent management of their own affairs. That there was, however, a revolutionary element in the thought of these "demagogues" is clear from the suppression of such trends after 1815 and the persecution its spokesmen—like Jahn, Arndt and Schleiermacher—then suffered. Arndt himself, in his ripe old age, was given a great ovation when he appeared in the National Assembly at Frankfurt in 1848.

* * *

But, especially round [illegible] 1815, this anti-bourgeois, [illegible] doctrine discovers a new [illegible] and of the English economist Adam Müller observes not [illegible] disintegrating power of [illegible] the traditional social structure [illegible] also the growing importance [illegible] the industrial working class, [illegible] emergence of a new form of [illegible] struggle. Görres and Baader [illegible] panded his criticisms into [illegible] attack on the heartlessness of [illegible] industrial society, in which [illegible] the great revolutionary dissolves the most sacred [illegible] and creates a mass of [illegible] proletarians as Baader [illegible] a new principle of [illegible] These observations provide [illegible] venient further argument [illegible] course, in favour of [illegible] ing the powers of the state [illegible] and the church, and [illegible] Bavarian ultramontanism of [illegible] and Baader; the modern [illegible] tions that the latter proposed [illegible] to be fostered and led by the [illegible] Church. But there is every [illegible] believe that this attack on [illegible] capitalism was inspired by [illegible] genuine concern for the [illegible] impotent, and by a genuine [illegible] that a society must have [illegible] tives than wealth or power [illegible] is the father of Catholic [illegible] in Germany, his thoughts [illegible] his fierce clericalism, [illegible] that of Ruskin, F. D. H. [illegible] William Morris.

* * *

We may hazard certain conclusions. There is a necessary [illegible] between Romantic [illegible] Romantic politics. The [illegible] simplicity, for harmony [illegible] nature and man, between [illegible] and unseen, is in political [illegible] longing for community, for [illegible] confusions of the Napoleonic [illegible] and in a country where there [illegible] strong bourgeois pressure [illegible] traditional social structure, [illegible] ing produced ideas and [illegible] either served a backward [illegible] authoritarianism or an [illegible] nationalism that could lead [illegible] an aggressive, imperialistic [illegible] It founded an anti-liberal [illegible] ism for which Wagner and [illegible] George created mythical [illegible] National-Socialism was also [illegible] bine its ideal of the State [illegible] with its nationalism. The [illegible] well-known "Romantic [illegible] But there is perhaps [illegible] that Professor Droz does [illegible] envisage. It too stems [illegible] Möser and Herder, but it [illegible] aberrants like Hölderlin. The [illegible] Romanticism that dreams of [illegible] monious society from which [illegible] is estranged, in which neither [illegible] aristocracy nor bourgeoisie [illegible] exploit others for its own [illegible] Irrational too, yet human and [illegible] ant in its purposes. When [illegible] 1830s Immermann turned [illegible] Romantic fantasies to the [illegible] depiction of the horrors of [illegible] tory, or Bettina Brentano, [illegible] of Arnim, appealed to the [illegible] king to relieve the poor, their [illegible] feelings were sustained by [illegible] social image. We may [illegible] tains too the social criticism [illegible] and not only the national [illegible] of Friedrich List but also [illegible] stimulus, the early Marx [illegible]

The attitude of German [illegible] ics to the Nazi state is [illegible] page 377, in a review of [illegible] sittstage 1966. Nationalsozialismus und die deutsche Universität.

So far George Gross's [illegible] have been very badly treated [illegible] tish and American publishers [illegible] have reproduced them, [illegible] very poorly, on crowded [illegible] arbitrary selections and [illegible] tions. His brilliant [illegible] too, was sadly cut in the [illegible] published by the Dial Press of [illegible] York. The Grove Press [illegible] which Methuen publish in [illegible] try at four guineas, says [illegible] trast to provide a full [illegible] volume of the same [illegible] In Berlin in 1923, apart from [illegible] muddiness in the sixteen [illegible] it is well printed and [illegible] accompanied by an illustrative [illegible] introduction by Henry [illegible] is probably the first [illegible] vey something of Grosz's [illegible] pact. The eighty-four drawings [illegible] selves come from the [illegible] 23, when his work was [illegible] fast. The only serious [illegible] cism is that their German [illegible] have been given and [illegible] short notes on characters [illegible] and allusions.

STATE OF THE NATIONS

RAYMOND ARON: *Peace and War.* A Theory of International Relations. Translated by Richard Howard and Annette Baker Fox. 820pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5 5s.

Can there be such a thing as a theory of international relations, as there can be a theory of ethics? The easy answer is that of the sceptic. He can find both theoretical and pragmatic grounds for a negative answer. The subject of international theory, he can argue, is not a standard, permanent unit, as is the subject of ethical theory, man. Nations come and go; there was a time when there was no such thing as a nation-state, and there will probably be such a time again. Moreover, many human groups which are manifestly nations in the ordinary sense are not the subjects of international theory, because they are not states; and some of the subjects of international theory are not in the ordinary sense nations. To crown the argument, it can be pointed out that any book on international relations is likely to become out of date as soon as it is published, because new events quickly upset every established theory.

To these arguments Professor Raymond Aron has more than adequate answers. In a sense, his book is itself the answer. First published in French in 1962, it is by no means out of date. Naturally, its concrete examples are drawn from earlier experience, but the theoretical structure which they illustrate has not been undermined. Not is Professor Aron's theory exposed to the theoretical objection that the nation is an artificial and impermanent concept. For him the subject of international theory is simply the ultimate sovereign unit, whatever it may be at any given time. It is, in other words, the unit that recognizes no legitimate source of power superior to itself. Hence the title: peace and war are the only possible relations between sovereign units. Hence also Professor Aron's approach to his subject. The first philosopher whose work he quotes and examines in detail is Karl von Clausewitz, the author of *Vom Kriege*.

Professor Aron's work, which is very long, is arranged in four massive books. They are called respectively "Theory", "Sociology", "History" and "Praxeology"—the last being a term of his own invention, used to describe the interaction of morality, strategy and power politics. In the first part he starts from the assumption that states seek to impose their will on each other—this is for Professor Aron the fundamental fact of international relations—and examines the reasons and motives for their willing to do so. In the second part he examines the constants which govern the power of states to enforce their will, reducing them to three heads: space (that is, geographical extent), numbers, and resources. The third part, "History", is in fact confined to the present situation, including an analysis of deterrence, multipolarity and non-alignment. Lastly, Professor Aron considers what is to be done; but inevitably he ends on an inconclusive note, with profound questions posed but no answers given.

It would be idle to pretend that Professor Aron's book makes easy reading, even though his characteristically lucid prose shines clearly through an admirable translation. His message is clear, however, and it is an essentially conservative one. The nation-state is far from doomed: he has little patience with the prospect of world government, and not much more with the concepts of international law. Foreign policy is essentially power politics; indeed, it is repeatedly defined in terms of war, which must be recognized as a no less natural state of international relations than peace. No doubt Professor Aron is wise to take a conservative view of these great problems. Certainly nothing has happened in the past five years to invalidate his judgment. Nevertheless, it deserves to be remembered that Aristotle, on whose *Politics* Professor Aron's work might well be modelled, took an equally conservative view of the city-state at a time when his pupil, Alexander the Great, was already engaged in superseding it.

HISTORY LESSON

D. W. BROGAN: *Worlds in Conflict.* 133pp. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

The Americans have a seemingly insatiable appetite for criticism. They invite European intellectuals across the Atlantic by the plane-load to tell them what is wrong with their foreign policy. They endow lectures at universities by the score to provide suitable occasions and captive audiences. They applaud enthusiastically as their faults and failures are stripped bare. It is chastening to contemplate the contrast in this country when so candid a friend as Mr. Dean Acheson ventured a simple statement of fact about Britain's role in the world. Opportunities for American equivalents of Sir Denis Brogan to talk frankly to British audiences are comparatively rare; but perhaps it no longer greatly matters. As the subtitle of *Worlds in Conflict* makes clear, it is "the current crisis in American foreign policy", and that alone, which really matters to the world.

Few political commentators could make their criticisms in a more sympathetic way than Professor Brogan who is well known as a friend of the United States. The criticisms are none the less severe. They are made severer, especially over the Far East, by a long introduction which he has added since the lectures were delivered. The lectures, given at Lehigh University, Pennsylvania, in memory of Mr. Jacob Blaustein, were four in number. Their theme is that Americans must learn from history, and the lessons they must learn are bound to be painful. Though thickly coated with jam (for instance, sharp attacks on President de Gaulle and of course on Mao Tse-tung), the pills to be swallowed are numerous and disagreeable. Americans must learn that history did not begin when they came in; that America is not the centre of the world, which has no intention of being Americanized; that in politics it is unwise to believe in progress, and still more so to confuse national interest with moral purpose; that communism has a number of very attractive characteristics; and that there are such things as insoluble problems, which the American Government must simply learn to live with.

Above all, Sir Denis emphasizes the *damnosa hereditas* of western colonialism, from which the Americans cannot escape even though they took no part in it—even though, indeed, they became a nation by revolting against it. This warning note, which is sounded more than once in the lectures, also dominates the introduction. The lectures were delivered early in 1965, before the war in Vietnam had assumed the awful proportions of the present day. Sir Denis uses it in his introduction to illustrate his warning in a way which was not possible in the lectures. Guarded and conciliatory though his language is, the warning is clear: the United States faces the same unforeseen risk of being committed to a permanent colonial occupation of South-east Asia which the French and British experienced in the last century. What the Americans have to learn—and there is no one from whom they could learn it more readily than Sir Denis Brogan—is that the concept of "United States imperialism" is not, as they have always imagined, a contradiction in terms. It could really happen.

Sir Denis declares it to be his intention not to end on a note of mere pessimism. But he warns his readers that the age of "confident superiority" is over for the west, and his final sentence invites them to a "Spartan acceptance of the inevitable tragedy of most of human existence". These are sombre thoughts to lay before an American audience. British readers have also much to learn from them.

KHRUSHCHEV TIME

CARL A. LINDEN: *Khrushchev and the Soviet Leadership 1957-1964.* 270pp. Johns Hopkins Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3. (Paperback, 18s.)

Among western observers of Soviet affairs, the exact circumstances surrounding Khrushchev's removal from power in October, 1964, are likely to remain a matter for speculation and debate for a long time to come; and Professor Linden, in spite of his patient probing of Soviet sources, has had to fall back on the same guesswork employed by other recent intruders into the subject. Where he does excel, on the other hand, is in his detailed analysis of the middle years of Khrushchev's period in power.

Outwardly, the Soviet leader appeared to be having it all his own way. In this he benefited from the compulsion under which the Soviet regime, like any other authoritarian system, has always laboured, that the decisions of its leadership must always be presented to public view as the last word in Marxist wisdom and therefore unchallengeable—unchallengeable, that is, until the dramatic showdown arrives and all is repudiated. Professor Linden has no difficulty in demonstrating the falsity of this outward pretence, or in showing that, even in the period when Khrushchev seemed most solidly entrenched, following the defeat of the so-called "anti-Party group", he was in fact fighting a continuous running battle with other members of the Praesidium who deeply mistrusted many of his policies. Moreover, this sort of internal conflict is portrayed as "a continuous and crucial fact of Soviet political life", and Professor Linden's painstaking analysis does much to bear out this contention. The only pity is that at times he resorts to the use of a particularly unattractive jargon, as when he remarks that "Khrushchev's political power is viewed as being at no time a definite quantum, but rather an unstable mix of his native political skills, his accumulated prestige . . ." and so on.

Fortunately, such stylistic atrocities crop up only at intervals. In spite of them, Professor Linden conveys an impression of good sense and of persisting shrewdness in spotting the anomalies in the official Soviet portrayal of events. He rightly insists, for example, that it is highly misleading to talk of a "liberal" trend within the Soviet context, but points out that there are, nevertheless, divergent tendencies within the regime, and suggests that the most appropriate labels to be attached to them are "orthodox" and "reform". He is particularly good on the significance of Khrushchev's decision to abolish the M.T.S., the motor tractor stations which came to stand as a symbol of Stalin's contemptuous neglect of the countryside. He offers some illuminating insights into the shadowy but highly important role played by Suslov, as chief Party ideologist, in all the inner Party struggles in which Khrushchev was engaged. And he puts forward a persuasive argument on the motives which probably impelled Khrushchev to embark on the Cuban missile gamble.

The pattern of events which has emerged since Khrushchev's downfall, and the personalities of the new Soviet leaders, are dealt with only briefly in an epilogue. But a detailed knowledge of the Khrushchev era is a necessary prelude to understanding present-day Soviet actions; and Professor Linden's study is an extremely useful contribution to this field.

Le Temps, Paris, have published *Raspoutine* by Gilbert Malie, the Bergsonian philosopher. It has some interesting photographs of Rasputin, the Tsar's family, Prince Yusupov, &c. The book is easy to read and designed for the non-specialist.

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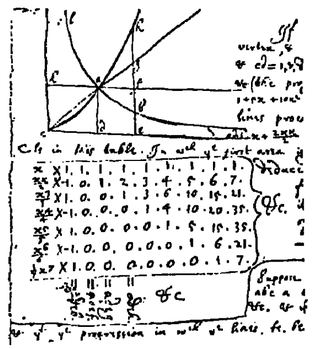

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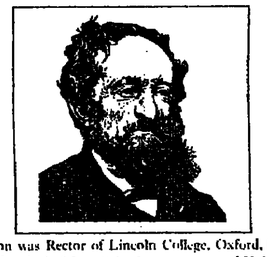

Mark Pattison was Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, from 1861-84, and a rival of Jowett in the promotion of University reform. His strongly-marked personality served as a model for several characters in Victorian fiction. Mr Sparrow traces Pattison's career, and relates his ideals to modern problems arising out of university expansion. 30s. *net*

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THE WRIGHTSMANS' FURNITURE

F. J. B. WATSON: *The Wrightsman Collection.* Volume I. Furniture. 288pp. 144 plates. Volume II. Furniture, Gilt Bronze and Mounted Porcelain, Carpets. pp.291-611. 145-287. New York: The Metropolitan Museum of Art. $50 the set.

The fame of important private collections of works of art is not uncommonly enshrined in a handsome catalogue, but the text of such compilations remains to be a mere stringing-together of facts about the objects in the collection, together with a brief introductory essay of no great consequence. It is vouchsafed to few collectors to have the catalogue of their treasures establish itself as one of the principal handbooks for the study of the subject concerned, but this is the case with the catalogue of the French eighteenth-century furniture in the Wrightsman Collection. No student of this subject will henceforth be able to move far in this field without reference to this work of deep and extensive scholarship.

It is clear that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman have been both discerning and fortunate while forming their collection—and rumour has it that this good fortune continues and that another exceptionally important piece of French furniture has recently found its way into their hands. But discernment and good fortune have also governed their choice of the scholar who was to write the catalogue of their collection of furniture. For Mr. Francis Watson is the man most truly able to survey the field of studies in French eighteenth-century furniture at present. Not only has he contributed important pieces of original research himself but he also has an intimate knowledge of all the work done in this field over the past few decades, notably by Pierre Verlet, J. P. Baroli, and Svend Eriksen.

As a surveyor of the Queen's Works of Art he knows personally and in detail her Majesty's superb collection of French furniture. As Director of the Wallace Collection he has that unrivalled assemblage at his fingertips as well. His catalogue of the latter collection is already a key work in the field, but in the Wrightsman catalogue he has now been able to carry forward his survey an important stage, embodying in it the fruits of much new research and his own further thoughts on many problems, both big and small. If one adds to all this the fact that the Wrightsman catalogue is a sumptuous production on glossy paper with, in most cases, excellent illustrations, it will be realized that all the parties concerned, including those who buy or come to use the work, may be well satisfied.

Mr. Watson's long introduction to the catalogue is in fact a series of fascinating essays on many subjects, starting with some interesting revelations about early American collectors of antique French furniture. He mentions the fact that most Anglo-Saxons in the last century regarded French eighteenth-century art as essentially frivolous, a product of aristocratic luxury which could only be viewed with suspicion. He asserts that this has long evaporated, although this is perhaps debatable; sometimes it seems as if traces of it still linger on in some quarters even today. The author continues with an evocative section on the small private apartments—*joli nids à rats*—which the French upper classes demanded for themselves in the eighteenth century, as an intimate retreat from the oppressive grandeur of their State Apartments. "All society", as he says, "was permeated by the desire to live, as it were, in a minor key, on a small but luxurious scale. . ." The furniture and *objets d'art* in the Wrightsman Collection are principally of the kind such people preferred to have around themselves.

The author again stresses the difference, only fairly recently recognized, between the *chaises meublantes* (which remained static in the formalized room-arrangement) and the *chaises courantes* which could be moved around. It is certainly right to stress this difference although it may be that we are now beginning to exaggerate it. Mr. Watson himself seems to suspect that the distinction was often blurred or not rigidly adhered to (except in the most formal settings), as one might expect in an age when the social scene was largely governed by women, and the placing of people at their ease was regarded as an art one was expected to learn at an early age.

The widespread and informed interest that well-to-do people of the period showed in furniture—in the widest sense of the word—is demonstrated by Mr. Watson, and the prevalence of this characteristic in turn goes far to explain how so much superb craftsmanship came to be put into such works of art. This leads on to a fascinating essay on the various kinds of people who may have influenced taste in the field of furniture; it seems that the most influential were certain patrons, the designers of ornament, the *intendants-général des Meubles de la Couronne* (a potent influence, theirs), and the *marchands-merciers*, who were important entrepreneurs, commissioning furniture from makers of all calibres, dictating the form of their products and guiding the taste of the customers. Indeed, the *marchands-merciers* men like Poirier and Daguerre were probably the most influential of all.

After discussing the organization of the furniture-making industry and explaining how most pieces of French eighteenth-century furniture were the result of teamwork involving several different workshops Mr. Watson gives us a teasing tutorial on the factors that may have to be taken into account when one is trying to determine the "authorship" of any given piece. "There is a tendency amongst collectors and dealers to attach too much importance to the stamp", he says, when reminding us that the man who stamped his name on a piece was not always the maker and was anyway probably only one of a whole group of craftsmen responsible for its creation.

This collaboration between craftsmen from quite separate specialist workshops is very different, Mr. Watson believes, from the practice in mid-eighteenth-century London where the leading furniture-makers appear often to have had cabinet-makers, joiners, carvers, gilders, upholsterers, plate-glass workers, and bronze-founders all working alongside each other under the same roof. But our knowledge of the London furniture-making industry is far less detailed than our information about that of Paris, and it may be that we shall soon find that there were in fact many specialist *ateliers* in London as well. Work on this kind of problem, mainly centred on the Victoria and Albert Museum, is being carried out at the moment. An interesting parallel between London and Paris which *has* already been noticed is that there was an influx of German cabinet-makers into the London furniture-making trade during the second quarter of the eighteenth century, just as there has long been known to have been in Paris. Mr. Watson likens this departure of numerous skilled German craftsmen from their homeland to seek their fortune in Paris to our own "brain drain" of today. Some of the German cabinet-makers were of course to become famous—Oeben, Baumhauer, Bennemann, Riesener and Weisweiler, for instance. Few of their counterparts in England seem to have reached anything like such eminence, for example the firm of Schaw & Smith (Schmidt?), who sent a bill to the Duke of Argyll for furniture in 1761 and signed it in German, do not seem to have been of any great importance. Nor is much known about Christopher Fuhrlong, who became cabinet-maker, inlayer and "ebenist" to the Prince of Wales towards the end of the eighteenth century.

By way of appendices Mr. Watson gives us a most useful history of the famous Savonnerie carpet factory and its products. The excellence of this short survey has been somewhat overshadowed by the recent publication of Madame Jarry's splendid monograph on the same subject. But now suddenly one is able to look up facts about this important royal French enterprise in two easily accessible works. And let us now hope that, with his short debunking note on the embroideries of Saint Cyr, we shall have heard the last of the myth that the high-born young ladies of that establishment were responsible for executing almost all Louis Quatorze furnishing embroideries. Such fine work was of course the product of professional workshops employing full-time braderers of great skill: it was not the work of schoolgirls, however competent.

The biographies of the furniture-makers, whose names occur in the catalogue—and this includes almost all the important men and many lesser ones—once again give us the very latest state of our knowledge about these people. Particularly interesting are some perspective plans of Paris which make it exceptionally clear how the various types of furniture-craftsmen tended to congregate in particular parts of the city. At the end of the book is a glossary and an up-to-date bibliography.

This reviewer has not had the pleasure of seeing the Wrightsman Collection, but the catalogue whets his appetite acutely. The richness of the collection in examples of the small Louis Quinze pieces, particularly those by Bernard van Risenburgh, or in his style, is remarkable. There are many beautiful Louis Quinze chairs—felicitous works by Tilliard and members of the Cresson family. The only complaint one could make about the collection is that some of the upholstery, judging from the illustrations, seems unworthy of the chairs it is on. But how delightful are some of the bronzes, porcelains, the sconces, the clocks, the collection of Savonnerie carpets, equally, if not more, enviable, also a reminder that there is a single Savonnerie carpet in English national collections, the rest are a few in private possession; there is a magnificent one at Waddesdon—but that is done, country, outside Aylesbury. Let us hope that the Victoria and Albert Museum is about to create a complete setting for its own famous collection of seventeenth and eighteenth-century French works of art, for its other Continental collections of the period, is there any generous benefactor who will see that the nation's leading museum of decorative arts is able to display this important facet of the applied art from the period?

Three more volumes of the Wrightsman catalogue are in preparation but these are well on their way now. Mr. Watson will now have completed making the best of his major contribution to the study of French furniture—the catalogue of the Wallace collection—that of the Wrightsman is. May we hope that he will be able to perform the herculean task of a catalogue of the Rothschild collection of French furniture, which is one of the finest in the world, it is not at all well known, from the catalogue—again by Mr. Watson—of the smaller collection of French eighteenth-century art from the royal palaces at Buckingham Palace and there has been no recent publication dealing with Her Majesty's collection.

Even so, it takes several years to compile such a work. It takes a staff of assistants to check counter-check details of all which the Royal Household ably cannot provide. It means frequent visits to related collections in different parts of the world—anything which the Wrightsmans recognized and have handsomely so that Mr. Watson was able to say he was working on their catalogue can surely not be beyond the wit of this country of ours to do. The Wrightsmans and matters, a scholar of Mr. Watson's calibre given similar generous facilities in order to do justice to this treasure in our midst—a treasure incidentally, which belongs to the nation and not merely to them.

AT HOME IN ALEXANDRIA

T. L. B. WEBSTER: *Hellenistic Art.* 243pp. Methuen. £3 3s.

The volumes of Methuen's "Art of the World" series are neither textbooks nor simply picture-books with some text, in the modern art-book tradition. Many of them are by eminent scholars whose writing has a strongly individual flavour; Kähler's *Rome and her Empire* and Matz's *Crete and Early Greece* are of this character, and Professor Webster's new volume follows the tradition. It must have been a labour of love, for here is a scholar not only well qualified to discuss his theme but one who would have been at home in the Serapeum of Alexandria or the Library of Pergamon. Ptolemy II would have found him a most appreciative and perceptive guest in his Symposium Tent.

The period which Professor Webster discusses is one of immense importance in the history of art. Indeed it gave us the modern conception of art as an expression of human life in all its aspects; it is a world of museums and art galleries, of private collections and interior decorators, and of "works of art" in our sense. Because it was an age of educated artists and cultured art-collectors, the links between art, literature and thought are particularly close. Art itself was now a subject of intellectual study; great works of art influenced literature and were themselves influenced by it. We need to know more than ever the symbolism and thought which lie behind the work of the artists, and it is here that the strength of Professor Webster's text is seen. Everything he describes is illuminated by his wide knowledge of the cultural background of the Hellenistic world, whether it be a simple Tanagra terra-cotta or a work such as the British Museum Apotheosis of Homer relief, which is a complex document of contemporary literary and educational theory.

Hellenistic art is a most difficult subject of study and hard to understand because it lacks the clear lines that dictate the earlier development of the classical tradition. It can be all things, bombastic and rhetorical, pretty and decorative, vulgar or restrained. The technical advances were enormous, especially in painting. The living tradition of art was constantly tackling new problems and subjects, developing new techniques, admitting new and foreign ideas into its subject-matter. Professor Webster makes little attempt to categorize all this, and there are areas of Hellenistic art on which he touches hardly at all—scarcely a word of the Seleucids who ruled over Greeks and Orientals, of Greco-Bactrian art, or Greco-Egyptian symbolism. His account is impressionistic, if that is the word, and slightly biased, perhaps, in stressing the "classicizing" tradition which looks back in admiration—like Professor Webster himself, one feels—to the past, at the expense of some, at least, of the more creative aspects of the art of the period.

The division of the book into three sections, Early, Middle and Late Hellenistic, is a little artificial, but it works well enough for the first two, especially since the middle period can begin with the grandiose architecture and sculpture of Attalid Pergamon. The last chapter is largely devoted, as it should be, to Rome and Professor Webster is keenly aware of the continuity between Hellenistic and Roman art. The attitude of the Romans as art-patrons is, indeed, strikingly like that of the Hellenistic kings; they, too, needed artists to commemorate the great events of their history and, like the Pergamenes, admired, collected and copied the great art of the past. This double aspect of their taste runs right through the period of the Roman Empire.

Professor Webster is perhaps least at home in this last chapter. Cicero, as a type of educated Roman steeped in Greek culture, he understands, but he gives us very little idea of the sense of guilt with which many of Cicero's contemporaries reacted to the influx of Greek art and ideas. Nor does he grasp fully the individual character of the Hellenistic tradition in Italy, if he can describe the Round Temple at Tivoli as "classicizing" architecture; it belongs to what is almost a native Italian tradition which should be set against the new "classicizing luxury" of the last two centuries B.C. And if the death of Caesar marks, as he says, the end of the Hellenistic period, why not some reference to Caesar's artistic programme in Rome, which was the culmination of all the activities of great Romans of the Republic and provided the final compromise between the Hellenistic "luxury" and Roman ideas? . . .

The book is illustrated chiefly by colour pictures which, of course, uneven in quality, though the ones here outweigh the bad. It is stuck into the pages of the book, seem to become dog-eared easily. There are many black-and-white illustrations and a small appendix of chronological table of dates, loved by modern publishers, few people actually use, as useful notes on the text, and a comprehensive index. It is a book for reading and looking at by those who wishes to understand the Hellenistic Age.

DECORATIVE

J. P. HODIN: *Ruszkowski.* Cory, Adams and McKay. £5 5s.

Mr. Hodin, exegete of many expressionist artists as Mr. Kokoschka, has now written a lengthy biography of and commentary on the work of this known Polish painter resident in England. "He is an artist not concerned with man and nature as deeply and primarily as such. Maybe. But for all that Ruszkowski's rather imitative and flabby work has not the sense of being the emotional force of an artist. He sometimes shows evidence of an agreeable sense of colour, but his sense of composition and his handling of form above all decorative motifs are particularly remarkable. In his style, Ruszkowski is heavily influenced in his painting to many other names, and he has certain mannerisms which often border on caricature. The volume is profusely illustrated with colour plates as well as black and whites.

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AFRICAN ANXIETIES

CAMARA LAYE: *Dramouss.* 246pp. Paris: Plon. 12 fr.

JAMES NGUGI: *A Grain of Wheat.* 280pp. Heinemann. 25s.

NICHOLAS ROLAND: *The Great One.* 254pp. Harvill Press. 21s.

Many African novels in English have the virtues of academic fastidiousness but are rather short on the handier knacks of travel-agent acumen. Truth, detail, "respect for the material" are there, the integrity is beyond reproach but the more ruthless dodges of creative strategy are often missing. The ritual importance of kola may be fascinatingly set down, a purification rite impeccably transcribed, but how or if these things operate dynamically on the characters is something frequently skimped. Yet if the data do not point to human insights, they remain so much clutter, fugitive notes from a thesis, and will tend to constipate the novel's working order. These three writers are relatively free of this type of irrelevance although their books all make deliberate use of elements in African societies likely to be alien to most readers. Thus, the magico-philosophical use of animal fables occurs repeatedly in *Dramouss*, and the drift of *A Grain of Wheat* depends on a sense of the evolving and colliding tensions between three stages in the experience of a Kikuyu community early colonial, Mau Mau and independence eve. Similarly, Mr. Roland's blackly mischievous tragi-farce is buoyantly conveyed on an interplay between the mores peculiar to each of two lightly fictional Congolese states, and the mellowed eccentricities of the British diplomatic service. In each case the writers have enough control over the chosen material for their books to breathe an intrinsic homogeneity.

It is surprising, in view of the greater sophistication of French African writers, that, of this trio, M. Laye comes off decidedly the worst. Both *L'Enfant noir* and *Le Regard du roi* showed a nostalgia for *un âge d'or africain* acceptable in the 1950s when *Négritude* was a liberating novelty but altogether harder to take now-adays. M. Laye can hardly blame his publishers for trying to promote *Dramouss* as if they aimed to put the Air Safari routes out of business ("C'est l'Afrique des chants, des légendes, des rêves, . . . des artisans-artistes sculptant le bois, et surtout de la beauté des femmes", &c.). The armchair tourist would in fact be misled by that because M. Laye has serious purposes that are not entirely frustrated by nostalgia. His narrator, Fatoman, returns to Conakry in 1957 after six years in France to find his country hovering on an independence crass and violent, lacking both Gallic civilities and the virtues of essential Africa, its magic, religion and skills. Fatoman has a paranoid dream in which he is ultimately rescued and rewarded—apparently for resisting the disastrous political trends. But this fidelity (the language of the dream is extraordinarily heraldic, chivalrous, with a feeling of medieval courtliness) implies—outside the dream—a betrayal of his family, a rejection by his people. He goes back to Paris and returns some years later. His fears of the regime are confirmed, his friends murdered and he is anxious for his own life. The book ends with a small parable in which, after Fatoman's father says some prayers, a hawk returns to the family compound a chicken it seized. Those who get God on their side . . . The Black Lion of Allah will eventually help eternal Africa take revenge on an unscrupulous present.

The most damning thing to be said of *Dramouss* is that if the symbolism were less cloudy the book would convince even less than it does. Although M. Laye writes a compelling and admirable "poetic prose", his novel must surely stand or fall by the quality of its thought, the sturdiness of its ideas. Unfortunately the impression left is that word-spinning ability is being used to urge the acceptance of an absurdly weighted case against modern Africa. No doubt novelists are best equipped to make such a case but it will need more fibre, intellectual and moral, if it is not to be pigeon-holed as merely reactionary.

James Ngugi's theme is not dissimilar. *A Grain of Wheat* develops attitudes to Kenyan independence which, if anything, show more foreboding, less relief than *Dramouss*. But method and mode are here hard and concrete with the unexpected, credible complexity of real situations rather than the abstract symmetry of fable. The pivot of the book is both an exact image of the theme and a thoroughly convincing, original character. Mugo, who actually betrayed the martyr Khika to the British, is treated as Khika's heir, a sage and leader. The outward signs of Mugo's guilt, taciturnity and crippling repression are misread as badges of heroic virtue, charismatic attributes. At an *uhuru* rally where he is expected to be the main speaker, he rejects the role of false prophet and the villagers' reaction is stunned but dogged, intolerably moving. It will happen again—and there will be other, more calculated treacheries. "We all vaguely expected that something extraordinary would happen. It was not exactly a happy feeling; it was more a disturbing sense of an inevitable doom." *A Grain of Wheat* suggests that the ceremony and climax of victory may hide only the substance of betrayal, that at best hopes will be appeased only. Mr. Ngugi even manages to make his settlers real and it would not be excessive to say that he succeeds in distributing his dramatic sympathies with a finesse that really deserves the term "negative capability".

Of Nicholas Roland's two more or less equally unviable petty states, one would like to absorb its smaller neighbour, which would in turn prefer to be re-annexed to Britannia. A small British mission spans both embarrassing charges with practised benevolence. One saviour of his nation is called Lucifer, the other The Great One, Redeemer of Nigorun, and there is a devoted English priest who is virtually the only positive norm in the book, devoid of breezy caricature or roguishness. But if these details raise fears of a kind of crusty "satire" endearing only to a White Rhodesian Catholic, they mislead greatly. *The Great One* is an intelligent, sensitive and funny extravaganza which also contrives to be true rather than dogmatic.

I AM A PHOTOGRAPH

NEIL DUNN: *Poor Cow.* 141pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.

The cow's name is Joy. A young London mother, she is married to a thief, who serves two years of a four-year sentence. She takes up with another thief, violent, but a kind man whom she dearly loves; and he goes down for twelve years. The unloved husband's release interrupts the life Joy has made for herself, adoring her baby (he seems her main physical pleasure), serving in a Brixton pub (quite near the prison), modelling for photographs or prostituting herself. She has become very lustful—possibly, she thinks, "perverted"—during her separation from the two prisoners. Now her husband is sexually unsatisfying and he will not behave like a father to the child. Not much happens in the actual narrative—a careful impression of physical objects, orangey-coloured hair, blue plastic slippers, the baby's face brick-red against his new white bonnet. Most of the action is mediated through Joy's talk and letters as she bounces and totters around South London, chattering freely to herself or others, doting or panicking over the child, in a clutter of shabby, Dufy-bright possessions. *Poor Cow* is a good title. "Daft bitch" or "silly mare" would not have caught so well the commiseration in the course of futures such women pass on themselves and each other.

The letters between Joy and her imprisoned lover must, surely, be non-fiction. Together with the dialogue, which reads so like directly reported speech, they ought to educate those other fiction-writers who still attempt, even now, to make a vernacular out of words like "wot". At a time when many of the reading public are pretending to be unaware of class distinctions, Neil Dunn and her husband, Jeremy Sandford, have worked hard to introduce us to those lower-class citizens whom we so rarely know as neighbours. In fact, through paperbacks and television dramatization, the Sandfords have even managed to give to these citizens an image of themselves that is less misleading than usual. The word "lower-class" is not meant patronisingly, but as a statement of fact. The surprise in the Sandfords' work is the unsentimental way in which they treat their characters as equals. Jeremy Sandford's tone is severe, puritanical, constructively angry about the ways in which the poor are damaged and humiliated. Neil Dunn is more passive in her approach, suggesting that there is something to be respected, almost envied, in the warm, dodgy, half-criminal life of this pretty Doll Tearsheet, in spite of the grievous bodily and mental harm she has to suffer.

The basic flaw in *Poor Cow* is the same as that in the television version of *Up the Junction*, the absence of the author from the story. If Joy is based on the kind of true confessions that Neil Dunn collected in her *Talking to Women*, then this would account for her elusiveness. Nonetheless, it would be good if she were to move forward from the self-deceiving "I-am-a-camera" angle and find some way to bring a version of herself into her fiction. This is a serious and moving little book, but it is scarcely a novel nor, quite, an original sub-titute for one.

ALIAS ZENO

ITALO SVEVO: *Short Sentimental Journey.* And other Short Stories. 319pp. Secker and Warburg. 35s.

Here is the long-promised fourth volume in the uniform English edition of Svevo's works. This makes pretty well all that is best in Svevo available to English readers. For his work for the theatre and his correspondence can be viewed as secondary. Only three of these stories were published in Svevo's lifetime; the rest are unfinished or uncorrected, but the reader will readily accept the occasional slackness in the posthumous little story for Svevo's skill improved over the years. In this story the ironical complex-ridden Svevian hero, whom we knew earlier as Nitti, Brentani and Zeno, has become Aghios—he has a roving eye, he tells confused lies to his fellow-passengers on the train from Milan to Trieste, he is really dependent on his wife-mother figure.

In *The Nice Old Man and the Pretty Girl* we have yet another "brother" of the Svevian ego: he entertains a working-class girl before love-making, and tells himself he is improving her mind. Deep down, though, he is concerned about how her visits may affect his elderly health. The ego in *The Hoax* is yet another relative of all the others; now called Mario Samigli, a long-forgotten author who is tricked by a revival of his literary hopes, only to find that instead he makes money out of the game played on him by an accident of the international market; money he does not need.

We would have welcomed some sort of introduction to this volume, possibly along the lines of the one that prefaces the Italian edition of *Short Sentimental Journey*. It might have helped the reader to situate these important stories and fragments in Svevo's work as a whole—a work that is singularly continuous.

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MACMILLAN

LORD OF THE SEAS

OLIVER WARNER: *Cunningham of Hyndhope.* Admiral of the Fleet. 301pp. John Murray. 42s.

In writing what he describes as a "memoir" of the outstanding British naval commander of the Second World War Mr. Warner has had to work under severe restrictions imposed by Lord Cunningham himself. Although he allowed the author of the official history, *The War at Sea*, access to his private papers he afterwards deposited them in the British Museum with a thirty-year restriction on their use. So readers of this book will look in vain for the pungent judgments and criticisms of his British and Allied colleagues which Cunningham undoubtedly made. They, with less reticence, have already published their views of his professional virtues and shortcomings, but, deprived of the essential material, Mr. Warner has wisely made no attempt to redress the balance. This provokes the question whether there was any point in writing this book at all, especially when Cunningham himself produced his autobiographical *Sailor's Odyssey* several years ago.

The answer is yes, on two grounds. Mr. Warner writes with great skill and charm, and his short book (in contrast with the inordinate length of the autobiography) gives a far clearer portrait of the man, especially as it is largely based on the personal memories of those still alive. Its second justification is that it provides some fascinating material for anyone interested in the question of what makes for a successful leader in war. Cunningham possessed qualities of severity amounting to harshness and of determination amounting to obstinacy, which men in other walks of life would have found unattractive. He was not a man of great intellect and appears to have had little sympathy with those who could not see issues in the same simple terms as he did; and he undoubtedly had a view of the paramountcy of the Royal Navy which made it difficult for him to realize the Royal Air Force's right to equal consideration. It is easy and fashionable to condemn such limitations, and yet it is arguable that they were assets in the particular roles that Cunningham was called upon to play.

This was certainly true of his success as commander of the Mediterranean Fleet, because it was these very qualities which enabled him to bring his force to a high pitch of efficiency which was maintained through triumph and disaster, and which gained him that personal respect and affection from his subordinates that is one of the essentials of a great commander. Also arising from his own character was an ability to resist what he thought to be wrongly directed pressures for action, even though they came from Churchill himself, and that rare quality among men who delight in responsibility: the readiness to trust his subordinates.

This last was the most valuable asset which he brought with him to the First Sea Lord's chair, a situation which was not attractive to him. In complete contrast to his predecessor, Dudley Pound, Cunningham never concerned himself with detail and avoided as far as was possible any interference with the men in command at sea. Highly revealing of the attitude behind this is Mr. Warner's anecdote of his refusal to send to Admiral Fraser after his sinking of the Scharnhorst the naval staff's correct but to his mind irrelevant criticisms of the tactical conduct of the action.

Mr. Warner traces Cunningham's career, the earlier part of it largely spent in destroyers and light cruisers, in enough detail to reveal the evolution of the full man. Alertness, vigour and "relentlessness in pursuit of excellence" are the characteristics which emerge most strongly. The treatment of the war years is necessarily anecdotal, but again it contributes to what is a most pleasing and meaningful portrait of a great sea-commander.

Nicely printed and illustrated, *The Coming of the Welfare State* by Lady Gertrude Williams (Allen and Unwin, 25s.) looks and reads like a school textbook. It is not, however, clear from the dust-jacket or elsewhere what audience it is addressed to. As an introduction to the historical development of Britain's social services it should prove useful for sixth-formers or students at colleges of further education. Unfortunately, it is in some respects already out of date.

MONTY ATTACK

R. W. THOMPSON: *The Montgomery Legend.* 276pp. Allen and Unwin. 32s.

It was bound to come sooner or later: better sooner while the subject of the legend is still alive. It was not, however, to be expected that the first book devoted exclusively to an attack on Field Marshal Montgomery should take such an odd form: restricted to the period between August, 1942, and December, 1943, it forms almost a companion piece and commentary to its subject's first published work *From El Alamein to the River Sangro*. This was indeed the formative period for the legend, but it is still rather odd to take leave of the hero outside the Opera House in Vasto before he had ever commanded his Army Group or achieved his greatest triumph in the liberation of Europe.

Mr. Thompson brings to his task a high aspiration to shine and a stock of rather tendentious reading. His style is spirited but his approach to the facts is occasionally rather slapdash. It shakes the reader's confidence in his grasp of military dispositions and even of geography to discover on page 32 that he imagines the Eighth Army had lost Bardia, Sollum and Halfaya in January, 1942; at that time, as he goes on to relate, they were still holding the Gazala position which even his own inadequate map shows to have been more than 100 miles farther west. It is of little consequence that he refers throughout to the U.S. Second Corps as the Eleventh; it is more important that he misdates Alexander's order to Montgomery at the height of the Kasserine battle because if he had grasped the significance of the timing of this affair he could have forwarded the purpose he had in mind by making a more severe attack on Montgomery's subsequent account of the outcome. Here and elsewhere he suffers the disadvantage of not having available the fourth volume of the official history. Nevertheless it shows a lack of understanding of the course of the battle of Alamein (Second Alamein he always calls it, perhaps with some reason) that he believes the British had by October 24 captured the famous Kidney Ridge, whatever the version of the battle he was basing himself on and in spite of the fact that the official historians are unable to say when that controversial feature was captured or whether it ever existed.

Although, however, he can be criticized on detail he makes a number of points which, if not new, deserve re-emphasis. He shows that Auchinleck not only won a great defensive victory at First Alamein but also that at the time when legend supposes him to have been thinking of abandoning Egypt he was pressing for a vigorous offensive. He is aware of the many chances of plan at Second Alamein. Although he wrote before the official history, his account of the successful German withdrawal out of Egypt to beyond Tripoli anticipates remarkably its tone and general conclusions, though he prints rather more of Rommel's insulting references to Montgomery's time-wasting and over-insurance than the official historians allow themselves. "An extreme, often incomprehensible, caution" is one such expression which contrasts interestingly with what Rommel had said in July about Auchinleck's "considerable enterprise and audacity". He devotes much space to Montgomery's relations with the press and his insistence on personal publicity. Criticism here may be a little overdone, since the nature of modern war perhaps requires a commander to use the broadest methods of projecting personality to the troops under his command. More worthy of attention the deliberate denigration of his predecessors, of which the latest and most conclusive evidence is the denial of the Eighth Army clasp on the 1942 Star ribbon to anyone who served in the Army fell before October 1942, even though he might have served longer in it than Montgomery himself.

Mr. Thompson has a few axes to grind besides his main one. He occasionally also lets off a barrel at Churchill, the "Marlborough" as he styled it (the title of an earlier book) and, for instance, interested us in the vilification of Auchinleck's brilliant Staff, Dorman-Smith, and Dorman O'Gowan, whose page of recollections have been drawn before in works where Auchinleck is favoured above Montgomery. Thompson is frankly sceptical in the campaigns in Sicily and Italy, probably for lack of the necessary sources, and though he is fair and scathing about Montgomery's part on planning he misses a number of chances; but when it comes to operations, he can see justice to Patton's superiority in the movement and intellectually in a situation. He writes sometimes floridly, and can turn a personal epigram, as in his account on the desperate straits of the Germans retreating through Italy: "Even Rommel, with his faith in Montgomery, must have doubted his luck." Those who want a debunking book will find it unsatisfactory; but it must be noted that they will find the same and more authoritatively deployed in the last two parts of Corelli Barnett's *The Desert Generals*.

GOTHIC DEFENCE

DOUGLAS ORGILL: *The Gothic Line.* The Autumn Campaign in Italy, 1944. 257pp. Heinemann. 30s.

In the autumn of 1944 the German Army Group in Italy, under Field Marshal Kesselring, successfully defended the northern extremity of the Apennines against attacks by the American Fifth and British Eighth Armies. This position was known to the German planners as the *Gothenstellung* or the Gothic position; not because any Goths had ever attempted a similar defence there but rather as a nod to their supposed Teutonic forefathers, two of whom, Alboin and Totila, had already received the honour of being used as code names for positions farther south in Italy. Since the autumn of the year before work had been in progress, rather intermittently, on a connected series of fixed defences running from the Tyrrhenian Sea just south of La Spezia to the Adriatic at Pesaro; these works were called the *Grüne Linie* or Green Line. British usage conflated the two names, providing Mr. Orgill with his title. It is remarkable, however, that in spite of all the German skill in fortification, of which he gives a full account, and almost a year's continuous labour, the actual line played almost as small a part in the autumn campaign as the Maginot Line in that of 1940. The battles he records:

> The ridge of Gemmano, scattered with the dead of two British divisions; Croce and San Savino, which reminded senior officers of the scenes of Flanders in the First World War; the towering escarpment of Livergnano where Mark Clark's American infantry clung and crowled and died in the rain and mist

—all these were fought many miles behind the Gothic Line. The Eighth Army attack, in Alexander's words, swept through the line "almost as though it were not there"; Fifth Army breached it in little more than a day's hard fighting. It was the last ridge of mountains behind the line, and the pitiless Italian weather, that frustrated the assault.

Mr. Orgill commanded a troop of tanks in the campaign. He has produced a tactical narrative of exceptional vividness and accuracy. Over and over again, sometimes in his own words, sometimes by reproducing contemporary accounts of eye-witnesses, he gives the unmistakable feel of battle. He recalls the smell also, and the noise, and the sudden silences. Perhaps he is at his best in description of armour in action, in a terrain which often seemed impossible, where tanks slithered and cast their tracks on the muddy mountain slopes and the approach march took almost as much out of an armoured regiment as the encounter itself. It is not possible by quotation to give an adequate impression of his merits; the picture is drawn by an accumulation of detail. It must be reckoned among the best battle pictures of the Second World War; true to life and carrying conviction by careful documentation.

In the realms of strategy Mr. Orgill moves with less assurance than at company level. He is probably right, however, in his judgment that Alexander's original plan for a concerted attack by his two armies against the centre of the line offered a better chance of success than the one eventually adopted whereby the Eighth Army put all its weight on the right flank leaving the centre to Mark Clark. He makes it clear that the change was due to General Leese's preference, and he hints at one possible cause when he speaks of the rivalry between the two army commanders. Leese was prepared to hand over a whole British corps to Clark's command for the sake of getting his own battle to fight in the way he wanted. It is not necessary to infer, however, that Alexander was wrong in allowing Leese his head; he might well have been less effective if constrained to follow a strategy contrary to his convictions.

It is the treatment of grand strategy that is least convincing. Mr. Orgill does not appear to have grasped the purpose of the campaign. On an early page he complains that it was "little more than a holding operation": it was in truth nothing more. He returns to the point in his epilogue. After expressing his own views on the failure of the campaign to achieve wider objects, in the sense of gaining ground, he says:

> There remains the other justification, more often advanced, that the whole of the Italian campaign was a vast holding operation, engaging the attention of considerable enemy forces which might have been invaluable elsewhere, Alexander himself holds firmly to this view. . . .

This is rather hard on Alexander. In his Despatch, of which Mr. Orgill makes extensive use, he makes it plain that this is not merely his view in retrospect: it was the object he had before him at the time. It was, quite simply, what he was ordered to do by the Combined Chiefs of Staff.

It is in keeping with this explanation that Mr. Orgill underplays the losses suffered by the enemy in the battles between Cassino and the Gothic Line. He is generally silent on the German Order of Battle (though there is a misprint in his grammatic representation of it: he should have put LXXV Corps under command of Army Group C instead of as an independent formation); but he might have made the point that whereas, just before the autumn campaign started, the Allies withdrew seven divisions to France the Germans sent eight divisions to Italy. In the months of June, July and August, 1944, the critical months for the invasion of Western Europe, the Germans sent a further 8 divisions in drafts. The Allies received such reinforcements. A dozen Americans from France were welcomed by Alexander in Italy as a most generous gesture on the part of Eisenhower: British troops received no infantry reinforcements since the previous April when they got 13,000. The directors of Allied strategy were correct in concentrating their strength in the decisive sector and the Germans were forced to allow themselves to be drawn from strength to a secondary one. The comparative statistics constitute a justification of a holding operation and of the battles which Mr. Orgill describes so well.

WORLD WAR I

History of the Second World War. Volume I. Edited by Basil Liddell Hart. Editor in Chief: Sir Basil Liddell Hart. 336pp. Purnell. 35s.

This volume takes the reader to the end of 1940 and to cover the most dramatic of German successes as well as the stunning blows like the Dunkirk escape, the defeat of Britain and the destruction of the invasion fleet, which seem to have made continue the ultimate defeat of Germany. The book is composed of fortnightly parts published last year at weekly intervals and sold to more than 100,000 subscribers. The complete history will consist of ninety-six parts. The treatment is thorough and authoritative. Contributors are drawn from the highest field and include some from both sides of the war who took part in these operations on land, at sea and in the air. The platitude, though well produced, make a very expensive companiment.

TRIUMVIRATE OF WOMEN

IRIS BUTLER: *Rule of Three.* Sarah Duchess of Marlborough and her Companions in Power. 379pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 15s.

DAVID GREEN: *Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.* 351pp. Collins. 45s.

It is an odd coincidence that these two books, each the outcome of prolonged and diligent research, should have appeared within a week of each other. The circumstance may well have caused some irritation to the authors, and to their respective publishers. But it would be regrettable if readers were to suppose that they cover precisely the same ground. Miss Butler's book is considerably the longer; Mr. Green's is more generously illustrated and more elegantly produced. Both writers have included a good deal of unpublished material, with Miss Butler making greater use of Lord Spencer's manuscripts at Althorp, and Mr. Green relying mainly on those of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim. But the main difference is one of emphasis. Mr. Green has written a straightforward biography of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. Miss Butler's book, as its title implies, is primarily a study of the relationship between three women: she formidable Duchess, Queen Anne and Abigail Hill.

The career of Sarah Jennyns makes a dramatic story, and both authors are well aware of the fact. Just occasionally they seem about to trespass upon the territory of the historical novelist. The heart sinks when Mr. Green, in his opening paragraph, writes of "the frolic nonsense of those Kit-Cat quipsters Sir Samuel Garth, Sir John Vanbrugh and the rest". But his book as a whole is greatly superior to its introductory chapter. "Robert Harley creeps out from under his stone about 1690", observes Miss Butler, who cherishes a deep distaste for that far from contemptible politician. Again, a measure of partisanship does not seriously detract from the merits of her book.

Perhaps partisanship is unavoidable. The story of John, Duke of Marlborough, was told by his illustrious descendant in a superb biography, but one that makes no claim to be impartial. His Duchess casts over her own biographers the same irresistible spell. They do not seek to palliate her vagaries and her extravagances, or to deny that she was often the most tactless and exasperating of women. But they remain her champions throughout the long battle that was her life.

Kneller's portraits do much to explain her compelling personality. Both books reproduce the lovely sketch at Althorp, with short locks tumbled about a youthful head. Both include the more formal portrait at the same house; and Mr. Green also has the mantilla painting at Blenheim and the one at Petworth in which she wears her golden key of office. She would never allow herself to be depicted in old age; she always appears in the height of her beauty, vivid, self-confident, radiating the easy charm which captivated the shy, hesitant and awkward Princess Anne.

The relationship of the two women is described by Miss Butler with great discernment. Not only did Sarah Churchill and her husband, with their vitality and their panache, support the Princess through the anxieties of her father's reign, and during her long subordination in the reigns of her sister and her sister's husband. The intimacies of family life were woven into the fabric of politics.

They were young women together with many shared memories of girlhood. . . . The elder, more experienced of the two, led, consoled and advised the other through those mysterious, satisfying conversations and exchange of experiences that take place between young mothers.

Anne responded with pathetic gratitude. It was she who suggested that they should correspond as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, who invented the names and asked Sarah which she chose. "My frank, open temper", Sarah recalled long afterwards, "naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman."

Then came the first great years of Anne's reign, and the most glorious of Marlborough's victories. They seemed the culmination of a lifetime of loyalty and friendship. In moving terms the Queen wrote to Sarah: "I will never forsake your dear self, Mr. Freeman, nor Mr. Montgomery [their name for Godolphin], but always be your constant faithful servant, and we four must never part, till death moves us down with his impartial hand." A few years more, and the third of the women in the story, Abigail Hill, presently Mrs. Masham, makes her appearance. She was an impoverished cousin for whom Sarah had obtained the post of bedchamber woman to the Queen. Ministering to the needs of the Queen's declining health, sympathetic to her Tory views, and in regular communication with Harley and the Tory party, she finally achieved the ousting of Sarah and the total overthrow of the Marlborough influence.

Miss Butler guides us with intuition and skill through the complexities of this story, with all its tensions and recriminations. She brings out Sarah's entire lack of consideration for the Queen, the unrelenting possessiveness of her attitude, and the saddening and embarrassing scenes that constantly occurred. Mr. Green likewise illustrates the ferocity of the struggle by printing a deplorable letter which Sarah and her ally Arthur Maynwaring concocted for dispatch to the Queen, though whether it was actually delivered is uncertain, and an appalling anonymous missive which they certainly sent to Abigail.

Seldom can the destinies of the nation, and indeed of a continent, have been swayed to such an extent by personal antagonism and spite. The welter of political strife continued to the end of the Queen's reign, and surged round her very deathbed. Thus the years of Abigail's ascendancy were few, and she and her husband shared thereafter in the long eclipse of the Tory party. Much though Miss Butler evidently dislikes her, she has devoted a chapter to the subsequent history of the Mashams, and describes in evocative detail a visit to the Essex churchyard which contains the tomb of this woman who so strangely influenced the history of Europe.

Miss Butler does not conclude *Rule of Three* with the death of one of the three and the disappearance of another. She pursues the story of the Duchess to the end, with all its storms and tribulations. But for these later years Mr. Green's book is the more detailed. He has already written admirably on Blenheim Palace, and is familiar with every phase in the creation of that magnificent scene. The Duchess derived little personal happiness from Blenheim, the scene of battles very different from those of her husband whom the palace commemorates so gloriously. The tale of her relations with Vanbrugh has never been better told, and the architect emerges from their embroilment with dignity as well as humour.

The two dutiful Marlborough daughters died young, the less dutiful pair survived. Over them, and over the progeny of all four, the Duchess sought to establish the overbearing control against which Queen Anne had finally rebelled. Family relationships, upheavals and commotions, the domineering matriarchy of old "Mount Aetna" fill the concluding chapters of both books. She exercised her sway indomitably until the end. Mr. Green concludes his final chapter with the words of Arthur Maynwaring, "there is nobody like her, nor ever will be".

There is a good deal of unpublished material scattered through these two commendable biographies, and several familiar anecdotes may have to be rephrased. For example, the famous verdict of Charles II on Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, is quoted by Miss Butler from a document at Althorp and by Mr. Green from another at Blenheim. As rendered by the Duchess, it reads:

> King Charles II had tried him all ways and at last thought he might make something of him and best discover of what he was made in the way of drinking, but declared upon the experiment that he could compare him to nothing but a great larr or Vessel standing still and receiving unmoved and undisturbed so much liquor whenever it came to stand him

This may be only one version of several; but there can be no doubt as to the reply of the Duchess to the Duke of Somerset's proposal of marriage. Sir Winston Churchill's majestic rendering, apparently derived from the historian William Coxe, has been much repeated by other writers:

> If I were young and handsome as I was instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough.

Sarah had a gift of phrase, but could not rise to such heights as these. Her letter of refusal, a copy of which is now in the Blenheim archives, is more prosaic and more probable. She merely assured the Duke that "I am resolved never to change my condition, and if I know any thing of my self I would not marry the Emperor of the world tho I were but thirty years old".

AS OTHERS SAW US

HENNING SCHLÜTER: *Ladies, Lords and Liederjane.* With an Introduction by Philippe Jullian. 220pp. Berlin: Propyläen. DM.48.

For sheer chic this handsomely boxed volume of 11½in. by 9in. stole the show last September at the Frankfurt Book Fair when a first pre-publication copy was rushed into print to be exhibited at the Propyläen stand. Designed by Gotthard de Beauclair, bound in plushy pillarbox-coloured wallpaper by Johannes Weissbecker, boxed in a black-and-white tartan, decorated on the cover by the famous Gillray etching of the four feet in bed and on the box by Rowlandson's fat woman being laced into her corset by a tiny male, this coffee-table book shows that the genre can still be revived successfully if it is the result of a truly original idea.

The idea here is as simple as it is successful: the editor has sifted through letters, diaries, travel reports and other notes left by foreigners who visited the British Isles between the mid-eighteenth century and the beginning of the Victorian era and has juxtaposed these with drawings, oils, watercolours, engravings, etchings and mezzotints by British artists of the same period. Sometimes the illustrations bear out the words, at other times they contradict them.

Some of the travellers are known to all of us—La Rochefoucauld, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Stendhal, Casanova, Heine, Grillparzer, Schopenhauer, Lichtenberg, Willibald Alexis, Pushkin, Lermontov, Pjotr Makarov, Nicolai Karamzin; others will be known only to a small circle, and it is among these that the most entertaining discoveries are to be made: Dorothea von Lieven's letters to Metternich, Johanna Schopenhauer's travel reports from Scotland, Madame de Avot's letters from London, Carlo Castone Rezzonico's diaries in England between 1787 and 1788, Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella's letters from England in 1807, Amédée Tissot's comparisons of Paris and London, and some striking passages by A. J. B. Defauconpret, Baron von Pöllnitz, Justus Möser, Georg Forster, Christian August Goede, Pavel Svinjin, Constantin Batjushkov and Barthélemy Faujas de Saint-Fond.

The introductory essay by Philippe Jullian, who made a killing some years ago with his *Snob's Lexicon*, makes heavy weather of a distinction between the dandy and the eccentric and goes on to talk more charmingly than profoundly about "The Milord", "The Exotics", "The Characters" and "The Aesthetes". The book itself groups its material under similarly traditional headings—"Arrival in Albion", "My Home is my Castle", "Ladies and Dandies", "The English Eccentrics", "High Society", "Spleens and Hobbies", "Beggars, Quacks and Gallows-Birds", "Ladies of Easy Virtue", "John Bull and the Muses" and "Some English Beauties". But the conventionality of structure can be forgiven because the travel reports are so uncommonly well chosen and so strikingly matched with illustrations drawn not only from such obvious sources as Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Bunbury, Heath and Henry Alken, but also from less likely painters like Romney, Raeburn, Reynolds and—surprising indeed—Henry Morland and Gilbert Stuart Newton. This does really make for an odd and heady mixture. An English translation of this book may therefore do even better than the German, French and Italian versions that have already been published.

ARCHIEPISCOPAL

F. R. H. DU BOULAY: *The Lordship of Canterbury.* An Essay on Medieval Society. 418pp. Nelson. £4 4s.

Professor Du Boulay's admirable and learned study of the Lordship of Canterbury is of wider interest than its subject, a detailed examination of a chapter of English medieval history, might suggest. For it is the study of a large county, and an ancient one, where for more than a millennium the Archbishop of Canterbury was the largest landowner, with all the manifold implications for feudal society. The book is an admirable example of documented history, and begins properly with a listing and evaluation of sources, with due warning of the vulnerability of historical records—as when during the Peasant Revolt of 1381 parchments burned in the streets of East Kent villages".

The problems connected with the pre-Conquest endowments are lucidly explained, as are the possessions, duties and liberties of the Archbishop as a feudal magnate, with his knights, his lands, his tenants and their services, and his ("protean word") Liberty. While the main narrative is intricate and technical, the author has a fine flair for the picturesque and is intriguing for instance in describing the speed and reliability of the Peasant intelligence service in 1381, or the five tenants of Wingham bearing their faggot in penance, not for heretical pravity but for refusing to carry hay to Canterbury. There is a pleasing reference to the sociological implication of the family walk to Church.

In one special way the Lord of Canterbury was at a disadvantage in being a bishop. He could not get rid of parts of his estate that might have been better sold.

But at the Reformation there came new pressures. The dilemma of Cranmer, himself in debt, and faced with demands for exchanges, is sympathetically discussed, indeed almost too sympathetically, for Cranmer's naive "I am a man that hath small experience in such causes and have no mistrust at all in my prince on that behalf" is not borne out by his other correspondence, and suggests that all he could do was acquiesce in a situation beyond his control.

The Lordship of Canterbury takes its place within the great succession of English medieval studies, and is a book which will be much read with profit and delight.

Collins have recently brought out a new edition of Sir Arthur Bryant's biography of Samuel Pepys in three volumes: *The Man in the Making* (436pp.), *The Years of Peril* (466pp.) and *The Saviour of the Navy* (452pp.). They were first published in 1933, 1935 and 1938 respectively and cost £2/2s. each.

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SIGNS AND SIGNALS

GÜNTER EICH: *Anlässe und Steingärten.* 76pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. WALTER HELMUT FRITZ: *Die Zwechlosigkeit der Unruhe.* 69pp. HEINZ PIONTEK: *Klartext.* Hamburg: Hoffman und Campe. DM 9.80 each.

Günter Eich's poem "Halb" is one of the less hermetic shorter poems in his new book - published as he reached the age of sixty. Here is a plain translation of it:

Between cabbage leaves
grows the solemn
poppy-hour,
a sandy love
which emigrates.
Go. On the shelves
the preserves are fermenting,
we can
pluck cobwebs
along the canal,
and carry away unseen
a pucketful of sand
from the building-site,
we could, if
there were no fences,
cross the fields to
Amsterdam.
But
I give you a snail to take,
it will keep for a long time.

The poem implies a contrast: between things fragile or impermanent (the "half" of the title) and things permanent or solid (the missing half). At least, poppies are short-lived, sand trickles (hour-glass), the snail-shell is fragile, though the snail may epitomize a slow permanent human journeying through and among the fragilities which the poem is "about". The preserves are also ambiguous ("das Eingemachte"): kept in jars, but eventually eaten, and even their fermenting entails motion.

This pointing through figures to a meaning is comparatively direct. In other poems, obliquity is far more hermetic. Figures become signs. The sign presents a fraction of world; the poem as assemblage of signs does not, however, compute them into a result which the reader can calculate. The signs remain irreducible records of perception and memory. Their assemblage is a trembling skein of chance and design. They do not point, as figures do, to some implied but extractable meaning.

So the immediate upshot of many of Eich's obliquities may be minimal. The reader has to tune in without being told the exact wavelength. The poem speaks its meaning only as the reader achieves complete aesthetic response. The fields of reference, however, are far more heterogeneous and worldly than those of *poésie pure* and its contemporary variants. Eich's imagery used to be mainly pastoral (and provocatively pastoral-historical): he now seems capable of scanning all horizons and all particulars, from Vancouver, via detective fiction, hopes, postcards and cabbage leaves, to Clausewitz and theories of aesthetics. This is why his new poems are oddly two-directional: shut surfaces opening inside over a maze of mundane particulars.

Yet at points the reader is dazed by it all. In the poem "Half", for instance, "poppy-hour" and "sandy love", transitions from concrete to figurative, are both vague and facile. Why Amsterdam? Why "Go", when the speaker plans to go with the other person ("we can", "we could")? Why "But", preceding the snail-phrase?

Another example: the end of "Seminar for Backward Pupils". This is a self-evidently political poem. The first stanza says: "While the dead/promptly grow cold/a slow waltz/for the SPD"; and the poem proceeds to concatenate phrases presenting a general disenchantment, which culminates in the final phrase: "And I decided/to take service/in the dungeons of justice." The likely gist here is: no party adherence for me, I choose to keep a detached eye on justice. Yet the final genitive metaphor blurs the issue. "Dungeons of justice" could mean "going underground", as opposed to open support of a party. However, "Verlies" meaning "dungeon" would imply that the justice entailed deals mainly in incarceration—and the speaker has decided to serve it. Or as such dungeons merely the basement of justice, close to its foundations? The poem, on a burning public issue, should surely have cleared this up, rather than coming to rest in this ringing but fuzzy way. If a paradox is meant, it is one that dulls the edge of the speaker's pervasive but watchful doubt.

In his "Darmstadt Address" of 1959, Eich castigated vagueness as a sign of language-control universally enforced by the modern political power-complexes: the stifling of criticism, bending of minds to mumbling obedience. The hermetic obliquities of his recent poems are attacks on banality, they brace his language against the press of flatness and explanations: but there are points at which vagueness has not been subverted radically enough. Sometimes the writer seems to have been hypnotized by his own tightly phrased witticisms, ironies, jokes and cross-perceptions. A spell inside these poems, and you can start wondering who is the lord of this labyrinth.

Nevertheless, Eich does always write poems, not costumed opinionations. This book contains some of the best things he has written, notably the longer poems "Fortsetzung des Gesprächs" and "Ryoanji". In all, the book presents a range of articulation which is richer than that of any of his previous books. At sixty, he is still exploring, tentative, unmagisterial, and in the thick of things.

There are superficialities of style in common between Eich and the younger poets Piontek and Fritz. In principle, it is a style created during the past fifteen years for the making of rapid, pregnant, precise notations and associations: short lines, the tone variable, language steering or groping via a curve, or a mere tremble, of feeling, to a point which has to be made with brief resonance. Hence the epigrammatic character such poems often have. Eich does not make points *finally*—he plants them all around and inside the poem: Piontek and Fritz both tend to make one point finally, and woe to them if it is an exclamatory platitude.

This style evidently had at the start an anti-literary motive. It eliminated soft words, swollen ones and empty ones, poetic puce, trade-made attitudes. It got at pith and nerve. One present trend in it is this: the language of sensation seems to get lost in the press toward abstraction and figure. Another is found in how it breathes and how it affects the reader's eyes: it is short winded, sometimes asthmatic, and the eyes reading do not gaze, they are forced to make small swivelling motions, from line to line, at worst a monkey's incessant optic dither, not the gaze of Athena:

Beautiful firm body
of the planet
such a silence
Two thousand metres
above the sea mirror,
bears are
moths.
My language has
no toothbeams.

(Piontek)

More positively, the style serves to profile particular words sharply: it recharges them after exhaustion by common use; and it can create a sense of measured urgency, cool emphasis, compressed edge. Walter Helmut Fritz's poems show how trite it can become, a meatless neatness, e.g., his "Labyrinth":

One can walk on in it
and adjust
one's gaze to the darkness.
One can grope around walls
so as to do something.
One can call out, even if
one does not know why.
One can lose one-self,
find oneself.
Thus one can
live in it.

Piontek's new poems (this is his fifth book) show that this style can end up as choppy surface devoid of any fascination or substance, papering over a compulsive sententiousness. Obliquity here becomes a cloak for banality, not the conversion of banality into poetry.

In fact, all three poets show that the anti-literary motive which helped to create the style is losing momentum: the figure as explosion, vacuous, the choppy surface, the irregular measure, original on surprise or shock, a focal concentration, sharp silhouette. Volumes of perception are given to disdainful vapours of figures without sensory [illegible] (Piontek), and to opacity. How is it, for instance, that in the Piontek poem are 2[illegible] above the sea? Surely [illegible] say: "From two thousand [illegible]"? Meanwhile his new [illegible] advertise Piontek as a "[illegible] generation".

The *Klartext* poems will [illegible] to make Piontek seem imp[illegible] a "representative voice" [illegible] pioneer (the word "Text" [illegible] title was favoured five [illegible] among an avant garde [illegible] the word *Gedicht*. Piontek [illegible] ing of the terms in his [illegible] no blessing from his [illegible]. For either office he is fair[illegible] and polite; and he has [illegible] the high intellectual [illegible] pulsing sensory poem, d[illegible]. His best work (e.g., "[illegible] törichter Dichter", "[illegible]") has a hard clarity attain[illegible] ing on a small scale; [illegible] poems are not free [illegible] pose, a kind of frozen [illegible].

On a larger scale, as in [illegible] Vögel", the frozen figu[illegible] robust enough to seize [illegible] tion and prevent the quest[illegible] doesn't he stop playing [illegible] come out with it? Ventil[illegible], Enzensberger and Brecht in [illegible] poem also interfere: "Aber [illegible] ich verloren/in dieser [illegible] Utopia—" (Enzensberger) "Wir, die zu leben gelernt, [illegible] offenen Augen" (Brecht—[illegible]) ends with collapse into dead [illegible] metaphor, "das Schweigen [illegible] which is very inept). The [illegible] he intended as a monologue [illegible] Brecht's "An die Nachgeb[illegible]" and Enzensberger's "[illegible] sprache"; if that is the case [illegible] a peculiarly bland and pla[illegible]

SIGNIFICANTI AND SIGNIFICATI

GUIDO GUGLIELMI E ELIO PAGLIARANI: *Manuale di poesia sperimentale.* 368pp. L.3,500. GIORGIO CESARANO: *La Tartaruga di Jastov.* 176pp. L.2,200. Milan: Mondadori. *Poemi anglosassoni.* Translated and edited by Roberto Sanesi. 223pp. Milan: Lerici. L.3,500.

The publishers of *Manuale di poesia sperimentale* insist that it is not an anthology but a manual, in as much as it has the immediate purpose of orientating the reader in the complex panorama of modern Italian poetry. Apart from the somewhat tendentious introduction it is difficult to see how this book differs greatly from a number of other anthologies which have been published in the past few years. It is true that the editors decided to include only poets born after 1920; nevertheless, they have included Nelo Risi, who was born in 1920. They have also included one really young poet, Adriano Spatola, born in 1941.

The editors stress the distinction between representation and the thing represented, between sign and referent, and recognize two states of language, one popular and practical and one literary. The latter distinguishes itself by its selective criteria, which not only correspond to the diverse needs of intellectual writing and speaking, but also have a precise sociological reference. They note that from Pascoli onwards many poets have aimed at breaking down the barriers between literary language and the spoken language of the common people and they believe that it is necessary to use language common to all, if only to subject it to critical scrutiny.

The twenty-two poets represented are divided, rather arbitrarily, into two groups, the "significanti" and the "significati", although it is admitted that all these poets write poetry that has both semantic and expressionist attributes. The editors state that they have divided the poets according to whether the bulk of their work leans towards one technique or the other. The two groups, roughly speaking, derive their origins either from the sound-evocation and pure poetry of Ungaretti (the "significanti") or from Montale's poetry of the object, which may include a narrative element (the "significati"). The "significanti" reject the old literary models completely and are mostly members of the group centred on the periodical *Il Verri*, edited by Luciano Anceschi in Milan. These poets have special semantic preoccupations—Edoardo Sanguineti and Adriano Spatola in particular and Antonio Porta and Alfredo Giuliani to a lesser degree. Giuliani constructs strongly ambivalent symbols to enable him to refer, not always with complete success, to different levels of sensory and intellectual experience. Spatola indulges in the "umore nero" of the surrealists. Nanni Balestrini and Sanguineti fragment the language and attempt to reconstruct it according to a new syntax. Sanguineti, in addition, makes use of the archetypal psychology of Jung and the poetic methods of Pound.

Sanguineti constructs myths, but not a mythology, in a kind of dream-language. While revindicating the mythopoeic powers of man, he cannot at the same time effectively oppose the institutions of literature and language. He sees two levels of language, the historic and the anthropological, but he does not propose a language alternative to that institutionalized, but instead a kind of "under-language". Balestrini is less tense and complicated and for that reason more successful. He contents himself with breaking the language into pieces, breaking up the syntax and reconstructing "nonsense" figures which are often very exciting. Balestrini might be called an atonal writer. He uses ordinary language as a referent and with it he builds up literary machines to disorganize the linguistic norm. He discovers disorder in order and where there does not appear to be normal sense in his poems, there may be sense at another level, the kind of sense that Alice found in her looking-glass world.

The "significati" recognize social values (i.e., extra-semantic values) in poetry and language. This leads, for instance, Pier Paolo Pasolini into a discursive, ideological narrative poetry, in which old traditions are renewed and strengthened. He, like Cesare Vivaldi, often writes in dialect. Dialect, for an expressionist, is not only an alternative to ordinary language, but also permits the user to refer to things not inherent in a language common to all. This is not so very different from Sanguineti's "under-language"; but Pasolini insists, like Roberto Roversi and Francesco Leonetti, on the maximum capacity of language as a means of communication and on articulated syntax. The poem must be able to support a rational structure and a rational argument. Further, Pasolini tries to break up superimposed high-brow culture and uncover the "prose" beneath, i.e., the culture of the *Lumpenproletariat* and the rural world. In doing this, however, he is sometimes guilty of imposing from outside populist-Marxist ideologies which do not belong to the culture of the rural communities which he describes.

Elio Pagliarini "talks in verse" and attains a recitative style which has dramatic truth and sincerity. He creates an industrial city within himself and expresses it in a language which is not intellectual but thought out dramatically. This makes his poetry superior to the intimate discordancies of Bartolo Cattafi, the precise anecdotalism of Luciano Erba and the dry rhythms and "pictured" objects of Paolo Volponi.

It may be said that all these poets, whether "significanti" or "significati", are concerned with co[illegible] terms with the existing [illegible] situation. Their experim[illegible] aimed at achieving verisimi[illegible] to that extent, a new realism [illegible] with a critical reconstruction [illegible] effective function of the lan[illegible] guage. The anthology, for [illegible] is, in which their work [illegible] indispensable to anyone who [illegible] to survey and understand [illegible] poetry today.

After the tempestuous [illegible] of Sanguineti and Giuli[illegible] pleasantly relaxing to read [illegible] late and lucid narrative p[illegible] Giorgio Cesarano (he is [illegible] Milanese). Not that *La Tar[illegible] Jastov* is lacking in movem[illegible] something of a personal [illegible] does not neglect the sou[illegible] of modern life and is his [illegible] primitive energy. But [illegible] is traditional, as in "[illegible] 1964:

Seduto sul più alto
gradino della scalinata:
di due, di tre, con carte
bordate a rosso fra mani [illegible]
(un po'culte e un po'meno [illegible])
gruppi di due di tre [illegible]
sugli inferiori scalini sedevano [illegible]
perdevano parole grosse [illegible]
le davano con risi giovani e [illegible]
collere d'oneste facce, corrotte [illegible]
da tutt'Italia.

Roberto Sanesi, a seemingly [illegible] poet and translator, has produ[illegible] remarkable version of Anglo-[illegible] poetry from *Beowulf* and [illegible] *Hymn* to the Battles of Brunan[illegible] and Maldon. There are [illegible] been, few Anglo-Saxon scho[illegible] Italy. Prominent among [illegible] was the late Professor [illegible] Ricci, whose essays and [illegible] lations are frequently cited [illegible] nor Sanesi. Signor Sanesi, [illegible] an expert on Old English, has [illegible] ceeded in rendering these [illegible] often difficult and obscure [illegible] vincingly fluent and [illegible] Italian verse. He has also [illegible] valuable introduction and [illegible] bibliography.

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STATE AND UNIVERSITIES

Universitätstage 1966. Nationalsozialismus und die deutsche Universität. Veröffentlichung der Freien Universität Berlin. 223pp. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter. DM.6.

After the war the University of Berlin was damned by being at the wrong end of the Friedrichstrasse; the Free University had to be founded. With the help of enormous American subsidies it soon established itself as a respectable institution of learning, but in spite of its remarkable growth and many notable achievements it has continued to suffer from a sort of identity crisis. Since 1960 an annual conference has helped to mitigate these growing pains. Scholars from the west German universities gather to discuss academic problems, and the proceedings are published by de Gruyter under the serial title of *Universitätstage*. Earlier issues appeared under those rather abstract headings that can mean anything or nothing "Marxism - Leninism", "Scholarship and Responsibility", "University and Universality", "Social Realities and the Reform of Criminal Law", "Scholarship and Planning".

This year's title held out promise that the scholars were coming to grips with realities. One might fear at first that the choice had been determined by the resurgence of a National-Socialist (or at least nationalistic) temper in the German body-politic, and that the project would be no more than an elaborate whitewashing exercise. In the event, happily, these fears proved unfounded.

There are three illuminating papers in which Berlin professors of modern history and political science outline the developing relationship between universities and the state. The familiar dismissal of the German academics, withdrawn into the rarefied atmosphere of scholarship and utterly non-political, is shown to be a misleading cliché. From the Middle Ages onwards the universities were always essentially state-controlled (though until recent years "state" meant the local principality). The professors were proud to think of themselves as important civil servants: in their form of society there was for the bourgeoisie no honour surpassing this. It was natural that they should be solidly behind the state that supported their way of life. The astonishing thing is only that the dictatorial rulers interfered on the whole so little with their professors. Conformity to the approved ideologies and policies can be seen even in the case of an independent thinker like Meinecke: though capable of criticism and ready enough to express unpopular views on specific issues, he none the less accepted as self-evident the Hegelian-Bismarckian concept of the nation-state. (Some of the background to the formation of the German state in the nineteenth century will be found in this week's front page article, where the attitude of the German Romantics to authoritarianism and nationalism is considered.) However much the universities may have been at pains to keep out of day-to-day politics, everything they did and said was unwittingly political. Notwithstanding any other ostensible purposes, their primary function was to produce new generations of loyal civil servants who would continue to share the traditional faith in the status quo.

The paper on the universities under the Weimar Republic is perhaps the most revealing of all the contributions. It explains the patent discrepancy between the traditional image of the non-political professor and the seething political atmosphere that dominated the academic scene around 1930. In 1926 a group of well-known professors, including, it should be noted, Meinecke, were sufficiently traditional in their loyalty to the constitution to be seriously disturbed about the emotively political opposition to the Socialist state that was being openly propagated by the body of their colleagues. Meinecke, who can by no means be described as a left-wing sympathizer, pointed out how damaging to students' loyalty must be the consequence of invariably choosing ultra-right-wing professors as the universities' spokesmen. This antagonism to the government of the day had gone so far that in 1922 the Berlin professor of German literature, Petersen, had tried, unsuccessfully, to prevent the attendance of President Ebert at a university function. Not until the old Imperial General Hindenburg became President did the universities accept the representatives of the state with a good grace.

The universities' reaction to the seizure of power in 1933 must be seen against this background. With their bourgeois, Imperialist sympathies and their hatred of Socialism they saw themselves as the bulwark of the true and better Germany of the past: the state of which they were a part was for them an unfortunate aberration. Though they all disliked and regretted the plebeian Hitler, the nationalist element in the National-Socialist programme met with their unreserved support. The fifteen-year-old tension between the state and its academic agencies disappeared overnight. Individual professors had no difficulty in persuading themselves that their acceptance of the new order was purely "non-political", was no more than true German patriotism. They were very soon disillusioned. In the first place the Party never developed any consistent policy for the universities. The responsible Minister, Rust, was a particularly ineffective buffer between the various party leaders who were struggling to extend their dominion. (There was a joke about the creation of a new mini-unit of measurement, a "Rust" was the interval between the promulgation and revocation of an edict.) But in the anti-parliamentarian system no minister could be very effective. Dictatorial power over everything in their area was in the hands of the "Gauleiters" (rather like our Secretary of State for Scotland), who in the good old feudal manner were personally responsible only to Hitler. So the treatment of the universities was determined very largely by Hitler's ingrained distrust of all trained intellectuals. Law, the arts and basic scientific research came under the heaviest cloud, though medicine, applied science and engineering were belatedly exploited in the service of the ideological programme and preparation for war. This personally motivated pressure on the universities was aggravated by one of the keystones in the party ideology which seemed to many otherwise harmless people to be quite benign: the aim to break down the sharp class differences by forging an egalitarian, nationalist, Socialist society appeared to entail that the exclusive intellectual elite should be cut down to size.

The initial ejection of the Jews was a serious blow. Virtually all the scientists of the Max Planck school were lost in this way. Much more serious in the long run was the canker that started spreading as soon as universities came under direct political control. Students were admitted only if they were politically reliable. They promptly set themselves up as the judges of political reliability in their teachers. Failure by a lecturer to be vociferously enthusiastic for the cause was in itself sufficient reason for public disgrace and denunciation. To this was added the callously blatant denunciation of senior members by their junior colleagues as a means of opening up career prospects. In 1938 a ministerial report was able to reveal that in five years 45 per cent of the established posts had changed hands. When the war came it was too late to save the situation. New blood was not entering the profession, and the vast sums of money injected into the departments that were considered to be important in the war effort did little to revive the lost confidence. In 1943 the director of research at A.E.G. reported that even in the physical sciences which had been receiving direct government aid they had fallen far behind the Anglo-Saxon countries. Rust functioned for the last time as Minister by serving as the scapegoat for this failure.

Much of interest is contained in the other essays in this symposium; these deal in some detail with the effects of political control on the practice and teaching of various specialities - medicine (and the euthanasia question), east European studies, German literature, philosophy, history, &c.

(*See leading article on page 379.*)

PUTSCH IN POLAND

JOSEPH ROTHSCHILD: *Pilsudski's Coup d'État.* 435pp. Columbia University Press. £3 12s.

Professor Joseph Rothschild proved in *The Communist Party of Bulgaria* (1959) that he possessed mastery over the art of historical writing. He has now turned his attention to the last great crisis of Marshal Pilsudski's life - the coup d'état of May, 1926.

Jozef Pilsudski, restorer of Poland—in 1926 "prematurely cantankerous, embittered and rigid"—belonged to that species of Roman dictator who tries to reform the state and restore morality in public life. It is true that unlike their Roman prototypes they do not flee into honourable obscurity once their task is completed. Pilsudski's withdrawal to Sulejowek, like General de Gaulle's to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises in 1946, was hardly a retreat into a silent and obscure exile. The tasks are always too great. The Republic is always in danger. Yet, unlike their totalitarian contemporaries, they do not seek to make law an instrument of their will. They try to preserve constitutional legality. Their aim is to rescue the state not from democracy but from the abuses of democracy. "Pakistan under martial law" was the title of a pamphlet published shortly after Ayub Khan had liquidated one more Asian democracy. "The dawn of a new era", was its subtitle. In his introduction Professor Rothschild draws a comparison between Pilsudski's "moral renovation" (*sanacja*) and the exercises of "guided democracy" among the new nations of Asia and Africa.

Professor Rothschild reconstructs the coup d'état with loving care. Pilsudski had thoroughly prepared his revolt but he had not expected resistance, and hence bloodshed. On the morning of the coup he had told his wife to expect him home for lunch at 2.30 p.m. The Prime Minister, Wincenty Witos, was prepared to give way. Pilsudski presumed that the president, Stanislaw Wojciechowski, a colleague from the prewar socialist days, would invite him to come back into the government. However, when, on the day of the coup, they met on a bridge in Warsaw, Wojciechowski ordered him to withdraw his troops. Pilsudski's entreaties were of no avail, though Wojciechowski had difficulty in extricating himself from Pilsudski's firm grasp on his coat lapel. Now that his "march on Rome" had failed Pilsudski had to choose between retreat (and imprisonment) or an armed uprising. Unwillingly he chose the latter. In 1922 he had boasted that it was his pride, his moral crest, that he had established law in Poland. Admittedly the violation of legality inherent in his armed demonstration did not worry him—just as it did not worry the majority of Poles. But civil war, the shedding of Polish blood, in a country hemmed in by rapacious enemies, was a shock to his whole political outlook. An even greater shock was the unwillingness of many Poles -Wojciechowski for instance -to recognize that Pilsudski represented the real Poland—the *pays réel* rather than the *pays légal*. Two weeks after the coup d'état Pilsudski told a French journalist that Poland could not be ruled by the whip. Though Professor Rothschild would not agree, Pilsudski chose the way of the whip that day on the Poniatowski Bridge.

Legality was not abandoned in 1926, but it had been infringed. Socialism, on the other hand had been shed nearly a decade earlier. In 1918 Pilsudski had told his former socialist comrades that he had got off the red tramcar at the station called Independence. But in 1926 he still had the reputation of a man of the left. The Polish Socialist Party had been as much concerned with independence as with socialism. There would have been nothing strange in an alliance between Pilsudski and the socialists in 1926. His most persistent enemies came from the ranks of conservative generals and the equally conservative National Democratic Party of Roman Dmowski. Pilsudski, though by now deeply suspicious of his former friends, had to rely on their aid. On the eve of the coup he told some journalists: "There should not be in the state such great injustice towards those who by their labour serve others." The socialists responded to his call and the strike of railway workmen prevented the dispatch of reinforcements for the government.

The socialists were to be sorely disappointed although some years passed before they realized the irony of the situation. They had put into power a man who hoped to rule in alliance with feudal aristocrats and middle-class technocrats and who prepared the way for the inefficient rule of an oligarchy of colonels.

Professor Rothschild presents not only a portrait of the Marshal but also of those men who, temporarily liberated from the tyranny of habit, were forced into the uncongenial situation of having to make a choice. Some remained neutral. General Wladyslaw Sikorski, though he hated Pilsudski, hoped that the two parties would fight themselves into a stalemate, a situation in which he could impose a settlement. The government summoned him to Warsaw but he found a whole series of excuses why he could not come. He did agree to send an infantry regiment, one "spiritually devoted" to Pilsudski. Professor Rothschild wonders why he chose to send this one, instead of a more reliable one, especially as it had to come from a most remote pocket of his command, whence transportation to Warsaw was most awkward and long. Even stranger is the case of General Kazimier Sosnowski, a friend of Pilsudski. He avoided the agony of choice by shooting himself in the chest. (He survived and became Sikorski's successor as commander-in-chief of the Polish army in 1943.) Others found it easier to make up their minds, for instance Colonel Wladyslaw Anders, the ablest of the defenders of the government forces, who won laurels of fame in Italy in 1944. Having been on the losing side did not prevent his promotion in Pilsudski's Poland.

Pilsudski's Coup d'état is a most able study, well constructed, elegantly written. It is history in the grand style.

TALES OF HAUPTMANN

GERHART HAUPTMANN: *Die Grossen Erzählungen.* 615pp. Berlin: Propyläen. DM. 19.80.

Hauptmann's dramatic work has overshadowed his achievement as a novelist. Yet his narrative writings are, in sheer volume, almost equal to the sum of his plays; they include such highlights of the German *Novelle* as his early *Bahnwärter Thiel* and his classic, *Der Ketzer von Soana*. The present volume contains all his shorter narrative works from his first attempt, *Fasching*, of 1887, to his last story, *Mignon*, of 1944. These stories show the same diversity as his plays, evolving from the stark realism of his beginnings to the mystical fantasies of his old age. The collection gains added interest through the inclusion of a hitherto unpublished short novel, *Siri*, written in his late seventies, and based on his infatuation more than thirty years earlier with the young actress Ida Orloff.

Hauptmann has transferred his own experience to a young lecturer at the University of Jena (where he himself had once been a student). For the rest, he follows closely his own diary, ending with the final separation and his return to his wife. Though this little work in no way enlarges our knowledge of Hauptmann it shows his power of transforming personal experience into a work of art. Siri is another addition to his long line of bewitching young women who, by their erotic power, hold sway over a man to the point of destruction.

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REAPING

OLD MEN forget? Not all of them entirely. Those who retain their intellectual faculties often develop a dual persona. Bertrand Russell at ninety-five is as fiery a reformer as ever he was, yet can recall old flames with a chilling detachment. Mr. Leonard Woolf is no firebrand, but something of the same dichotomy appears in his tenacity of anti-authoritarian fervour and to quote F. L. Lucas on one of the poets published by the Hogarth Press (Ferenc Békassy) – "his gift for being outside and inside himself almost at the same time".

This gift, however valuable to an imaginative artist, can carry Danaan implications for a man of the world, be he colonial civil servant, journalist, husband of a genius, or autobiographer. Born an introspective intellectual this own phrase, and he believes the intellect to be widely misprised), Mr. Woolf has described how, at various times in a varied life, he has observed himself as a stranger acting a part in a complicated stage play. Such observation, he says, has a curious psychological effect. . . . If you begin to regard yourself objectively, you begin to find that what matters so violently to you subjectively hardly matters at all to the objective you.

A corollary for the autobiographer seems to be that the inward emotions of a near or distant past are more than usually transmuted by the outward eye before they reach the page. Violence one would not expect to survive the years, but warmth itself is also often dissipated. The effect of this detachment has become more marked as Mr. Woolf's autobiography has progressed from its first volume to its fourth.

The titles of the four volumes are not without significance—*Sowing, 1880-1904*; *Growing, 1904-11*; *Beginning Again, 1911-18*; *Downhill all the Way, 1919-39*. The first three describe the autobiographer as child and undergraduate in England, as an increasingly reluctant "imperialist administrator" in Ceylon, and back in England as an anti-imperialist politician and Virginia Woolf's husband. The fourth title introduces a cross-division: it is not that Mr. Woolf sees himself as declining into senility between the wars – he was still under sixty in 1939 – but that he sees civilization as plunging in those years from heights his generation had helped it to attain into an abyss from which there is no return. Between 1933 and 1939 "civilization was finally destroyed".

The claim on behalf of his generation is modestly put in Mr. Woolf's first volume. In Edwardian Cambridge he and his friends, some of whom were later to form the coterie called "Bloomsbury", helped "in our small way" to start the revolt against Victorianism, against the social, political, religious, moral, intellectual and artistic institutions, beliefs and standards of our fathers and grandfathers. They believed that everyone was becoming consciously implicated in the struggle between right and wrong, justice and injustice, civilization and barbarism, and that they, the under-twenty-fives of 1904, were in the forefront of the battle to make the world "permanently civilized". By the time Mr. Woolf returned from Ceylon in 1911 the revolution seemed almost complete, politically, socially, artistically. ("To crown all, night after night we flocked to Covent Garden, entranced by a new art . . . the Russian Ballet.") Halcyon days indeed. "It seemed as though human beings might really be on the brink of becoming civilized."

The non-fulfilment of this hope is one of the threads persisting through the autobiography. It is not to be gainsaid. Nor is the argument that Hitler had much to do with the defeat of hope. (The second half of the fourth volume is entitled "Downhill to Hitler".) But some of Mr. Woolf's patterns are less surely woven. To suggest that those who have grown up since Hitler's war and are not conservatives, fascists or communists "are almost necessarily defeatist" leaves out of account at least two sizable groups which, though hardly optimistic (if that is the obverse of defeatist), have yet not abandoned all hope. Even if he were to dismiss as questionably intellectual today's widespread evangelical movement in universities and "Tees", cutting across classes and sects, he should have some fellow feeling for the intelligent agnostic young who are still heard to say, as he quotes his own friends saying more than sixty years ago, that "everyone over twenty-five, with perhaps one or two remarkable exceptions, is 'hopeless'". Mr Woolf and his friends revolted against the authority and stupidity of the Victorian generations with, he now recognizes, some naivety and arrogance, and some injustice. Youth today revolts against the authority and stupidity, as it judges, of the generations that allowed not civilization but life itself to be jeopardized in two cataclysmic wars. With the justice of this view Mr. Woolf would not quarrel, provided recognition were given to the efforts of men of good will, among whom he holds an honourable place, to achieve in the between-war years "Peace in our time, O Lord" the title, ironical only in retrospect, of the first half of the new volume.

And was this halcyon era of the Russian Ballet and the Post-Impressionists, of Shaw and Freud and Einstein, and the first motor cars and aeroplanes, this decade when men in advanced coteries learnt for the first time to call one another by their Christian names (and to call women by theirs, too, if the coterie was advanced enough)—was this Edwardian decade approaching the apogee of civilization, social and political? It was in Ceylon under King Edward that Mr. Woolf as an imperialist administrator was compelled to witness, besides hangings, "the most disgusting and barbarous thing I have ever seen", the flogging of a man with the cat o'-nine-tails: it was in the present reign that, revisiting Ceylon after half a century, he observed in the treatment of criminals "some small progress from barbarity to civilization".

The inconsistency is no doubt more apparent than real. But the moments of truth when the autobiographer is not being *laudator temporis acti* must be weighed against his no less true relation of events recalled from that rose-coloured *temps perdu*. Nostalgia is a fickle guide. Most of the values by which Mr. Woolf's generation set store have their counterparts in the two generations which have passed the age of 25 since he did.

Downhill all the Way takes up the story of two lives, Mr. Woolf's and his wife's, where *Beginning Again* left off with the end of the First World War: two lives, that is, not confounding the persons, and a third, not dividing the substance of a happy marriage that was to end untimely soon after the volume closes. Mr. Woolf was the editor or literary editor of left-wing journals until at 50 he renounced paid jobs; thereafter he made his living as the better business man of the two in the joint venture of the Hogarth Press. Much of his energy was given to committees of the Fabian Society and the Labour Party, where his experience in the colonial service gave weight to his views on progress towards self-government in far-flung regions of a still more or less cohesive empire.

If we accomplished nothing else, we at least for the first time did something to educate our masters. We got a few Labour leaders to take an interest in and understand what was happening in India.

The "we" in this context were "'intellectuals', not first-line politicians". Mr. Woolf became, and understandably, disillusioned with promise-breaking political parties, and deeply distrustful of first-line politicians even in his own party.

I have never known a vainer or more treacherous man than Ramsay [MacDonald] . . . was one of those sentimental muddle-headed, slightly Pecksniffian good men who mean so well in theory and do so much harm in practice. . . .

Nevertheless the under 25s of today who condemn the generation that allowed the second cataclysm of the century would do well to ponder Mr. Woolf's record of the rejected counsels of the intellectuals within the Labour Party. They began with faith in the practicability of the ideals of the League of Nations—a faith frustrated, whether by the party bosses or by democracy itself. And they moved on to an earlier realization than that of Labour's losing coal or land, and life of the need, and the means, to combat the Hitlerian menace. Here, however, wide the room for political or historical discrimination, there is nothing in Mr Woolf's remembrances of nostalgia, and little of hindsight. He is writing from documents.

Virginia Woolf's interests were of a different kind. She was no journalist, but a literary critic of high calibre, much prized as a contributor to the *TLS* albeit she wrote her articles and reviews often with reluctance, for pin-money. Her energies, when not sapped by melancholia, went into her novels. The life she shared with her husband was in part social, in part bound up with their publishing projects, and in part an alliance in the fight against her mental instability. Of his affection and understanding and unremitting support there can be no question. But it is here that the detachment of the narrator is most in evidence.

The Hogarth Press took its name from the house in Richmond to which the Woolfs moved in 1915. The move coincided with one of her worst mental breakdowns. The press was started two years later, on a shoe-string, as a form of occupational therapy for Virginia. Typesetting, inking, machining, binding were crafts to be learnt. The first half-dozen authors published over the new imprint were the Woolfs themselves, Katherine Mansfield, Middleton Murry, T. S. Eliot and E. M. Forster, a notable company. Profit was not a prime concern, but the first nine booklets, spread over three and a half years, netted £90 for the publishers. This to the Woolfs, circumstanced as they were just after the First World War, was no inconsiderable sum.

Money, in Mr. Woolf's view, is much less important than people commonly believe, but he finds other people's finances always interesting and regards his own as essential to a *vera historia*. Many of the figures he *Twelve Original Wood-* the publications of which time three editions appeared, the publisher gotten the effort made to second edition out in time mas, 1921—*Jacob's Room* headed "An Apology" in that December.

The Woolfs had been unintentionally "in" publishing even before their launch Virginia's third novel *Room* (1922)—the previous having been published by brother, Gerald Duckworth. the return to Bloomsbury string became a honeycomb being a small business with no employees and no money tal, the Hogarth Press in barked on an ambitious program that was to lead to remarkable mercial prosperity. In that year added V. Sackville-West to of authors and started as *lected Papers* of Freud, destined to pay high dividends years to come. Before long sociology and psychology play as important a part as success as were fiction, poetry other forms of "literature". Mr. Woolf had exchanged fession of journalism for full-time publisher.

This success story is in wealth of detail, and accurate are uncommon in the terms of publishers. For the reader he is writing about authors men, house parties or even dogs and a man Woolf gives an intimate social life at several levels are touched in to the painted in an earlier volume the outside world came in abusively, "Bloomsbury" to imagine today why "Ulysses should have been banned because misprisers of literature suspect all intelligent extensive lectual arrogance. The circle included the Woolfs and Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry and Grant, Lytton Strachey and Keynes and E. M. Forster, perhaps some right to see itself generation, unique. For those of civilized living an unique nostalgia needs no apology.

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LEONARD WOOLF: *Downhill all the Way*. An autobiography of the years 1919-39. 259pp. Hogarth Press. 35s.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE
Thursday May 4 1967
CENTRAL 2000

FREE EDUCATION

Such a book as *Nationalsozialismus und die deutsche Universität* treviewed on page 377) shows with frightening clarity what can happen to any academic organization when it comes under the control of politicians whose only understanding of It is the use to which it can be put in furthering their political ends. Such a book also enables us to see our own problems with a clearer eye. We have been much too smug in damning the German universities for their weak-kneed capitulation before Hitler. We are proud that our Civil Service remains above politics and can continue to function whatever banners are waving and whether or not, as individuals, its members approve of the policies. The German professors were and are civil servants, and behaved under Hitler exactly as one would expect: a few protested, usually over the treatment of their Jewish colleagues, and in consequence suffered dismissal or worse; the majority did not want to be martyrs, and continued to implement the wishes of their paymasters, suppressing any qualms of individual conscience under layers of inbred professional ethics.

What moral can we draw from the experience of the German universities under Hitler? If our own universities are not to sink to the level of government agencies, then they must resist by all possible means the present attempts to make them handmaidens of dictated policy. University teachers are not yet civil servants in name, and so can, individually and collectively, still criticize, deplore, and if they are courageous enough rebel. The scope for opposition is, however, already more limited than it may appear. By exploiting the hierarchical structure of our universities, our rulers are more and more securing their allegiance by ensuring that amenable men are put in charge of them. It is of course an exaggeration to claim that most principals and vice-chancellors are government men, yet how many old-fashioned, rugged individualists can still be found among them?

The squabble over fees for foreign students brought this out clearly. Within the universities few had much doubt that this was a misguided and damaging attempt at economy, yet the Minister in the end has had his way, and the University Grants Committee, albeit reluctantly, has endorsed a policy that very few believe in. With the senior administrative positions in such hands, how effective can protest be lower down the pyramid? At every rung of the career-ladder the next step depends on the approval of one's immediate superior. Since every junior lecturer wants to make a success of his career, he soon learns that a reputation for being awkward amounts to professional suicide.

The view of this it is indeed surprising and heartening that of a total academic population of some 10,000 only as many as 1,000 were recently prepared to sign a public letter of protest about the Government's attitude to the Vietnam war.

C. E. CARRINGTON.
56 Canonbury Park South, London, N.1.

AWFUL WHEN YOU THINK OF IT

Sir,—Mr. Graham Greene's new collection of stories surely deserves better treatment than it receives at the hands of your reviewer (April 20). There are a number of misrepresentations about the work—and about the title story in particular—that should not pass unnoticed and that cast serious doubts upon your reviewer's understanding of the book at the most elementary level.

The narrator of "May We Borrow Your Husband?" is clearly trapped in what he calls "a very unheroic part in this comedy"; both Tony and Stephen understand his interest in Poopy, and can turn him into a virtual accomplice for this reason. To say, as your reviewer does, that he is incapable of being indignant at the attempted subornation by the homosexuals, and that he is ignorant of the "proper" (?) rules of sexual conduct, reflects a certain inattention to the text itself. The narrator does not misjudge the homosexuals, but even thinks of punching Tony for his brutality at one point. He could not himself speak, because of his own interest in Poopy, because of her innocence, and because he hoped Peter was not a "fully formed" homosexual. This is all made quite clear by the narrator himself. So, to convict the narrator fund Mr. Greene of taking "a holiday from moral judgment" is clearly wrong. The story is in fact a brilliant study of the narrator's subtle involvement in a perplexing moral situation, hovering between "comedy" and "tragedy". But your reviewer misses the point.

ERIC HOMBERGER.
Queens' College, Cambridge.
DAVID SKELTON.
King's College, Cambridge.

;" Our reviewer writes: "To "convict" the narrator! Not being a double-act, I had no intention of convicting anybody. This kind of cocksure parsing of sentences is what, perhaps, the author is avoiding in most of his holiday stories, where "perhaps" is the keyword. We are not dealing here with the strong, original verdicts of (say) *Brighton Rock* or *The Quiet American*. The narrator cannot make the situation "clear": he guesses, wrongly, what will happen; he guesses, intelligently, about his own motives ("... perhaps I am a man of scruples"), but he knows scarcely more than we do why he "thinks of punching" but does not punch, why he does not have a fatherly talk with the young bridegroom or make a less feeble effort to attract the bride. I did not say that he "misjudged" the interfering homosexuals, only that he was not indignant with them—or, at any rate, not so indignant as most people would be. I did not complain that the author and narrator are "*ignorant of the* proper rules", but remarked that they (this complicated partnership) make "no pretence at knowing proper rules". The author of the penultimate sentence should be able to grasp the difference, and when he has done so perhaps he will explain it to his partner. To quote Greene's story again: "Can people ever hunt equally in couples or is one always a loser?"

COUNSELS FOR DEFENCE

Sir,—How nice to have a fan, or anti-fan, like Mr. Cunliffe (April 20), who follows my writing in so many fields—poetry, politics, science-fiction, . . . Not all of it, indeed, for it is of course quite untrue that I never write favourably: in the fields he mentions, he could find nothing but the warmest praise for (at random) Roy Fuller and Thom Gunn, for Leonard Schapiro and Hugh Seton-Watson, for Robert Shackley and Robert Heinlein. In other cases, I do confess to a certain forthrightness, though I cannot see why this should be thought to invalidate my arguments.

To say that a sharp tone indicates a wish to suppress other opinions is mere raving: on the contrary, it is no accident that it is Voltaire who stands as our great exemplar of free speech. But tav Mihailov and Sinyavsky can, or rather cannot, testify) nor can executers of Communist practice expect to get away with misrepresentations on this of all issues under an ink-cloud of mere personal abuse and motive-attribution. But I well understand why Mr. Cunliffe chooses to criticize the style rather than the substance of what I say. He wrote similarly to you on October 20 last year. I did not answer at the time (being less easily provoked than he implies). But it is relevant to my present point.

I had said that to claim that the smaller nationalities have equal rights in the U.S.S.R. does not prove that they are satisfied, citing the case of the nineteenth-century Irish who had equal rights in the United Kingdom. I added that in the latter case the rights were rather wider, permitting Irish Nationalist politics, but even so, Ireland wanted independence. Mr. Cunliffe swung wildly, first charging me (quite falsely) with favouring British rule in Ireland, but then, with almost unbelievable inanity, he raised against me the subject of the Irish Famine. That was indeed an abomination. But the last thing any serious defender of the Soviet Union would think of doing is gratuitously to raise the matter of famine in a minority area. The Ukrainian famine of 1932-33 (when, as the Soviet novelist Mr. Ivan Stadluk tells us, "first the men died, then the children and finally the women") had no other cause than the seizure of the peasants' food by the Government. . . .

And this leads back to the only point of substance in Mr. Cunliffe's current letter—whether I think Ky's regime is more liberal than Ho's. Indeed it is. It has many faults, but even if it were a good deal worse it would still be preferable to Ho's. The Saigon press sometimes has censorship trouble; but in Hanoi the press is in effect *written* by the censors! The South Vietnam elections are criticized—but what need, to be said about the Northern elections? And so on. As Camus wisely remarked, "None of the evils which totalitarianism claims to remedy is worse than totalitarianism itself". The contrary view only arises among men of good will become Judgment's faults are continually before us. The whole strength of the Hanoi system on the other hand is its technique of propaganda and of concealment. In the forties and fifties the horrible Beirut and Rakosi regimes imposed similarly on uncritical minds; and already in the thirties Arthur Koestler had noted "the thousands of painters and writers and doctors and lawyers and debutantes chanting a diluted version of the Stalinist line". To substitute "actresses" for "debutantes" and "Hodja" for "Stalinist" seems a very minor improvement.

As for Mr. Cunliffe, he has not even reached the facts of 1932, yet feels called upon to engage in these controversies. Perhaps he should abandon his concern with my activities and start to read up on his chosen subject. Or he could, perhaps, combine the two by looking at my own various works on Soviet themes, in which, without abating my views, I am (as almost all reviewers right, left and centre have been kind enough to note) as careful as possible in the establishment of the facts, some of which will doubtless surprise him, just as the mere possibility of such an attitude is beyond his comprehension. For (a final major protest) these atmosphere-poisoning accusations of being besotted with anti-Communism, and so forth, are becoming tediously familiar in attacks on anyone who registers facts, or expresses opinions, unpalatable to the regimes concerned. Once and for all, far from being possessed by some malign prejudice, the great bulk of informed opinion which is opposed to the Soviet and similar political systems has been led to this view by considering specific actions and policies. "Anti-Communism" is not an appropriate term in any case; for if a democratic Communism on the lines hoped for by the late Imre Nagy, Professors Schaff and Kolakowski, Dr. Lukacs, and certain leading Italian Communists, were to develop, such feelings would not arise and one could disagree or agree within a common ground of rational civilization. Meanwhile, it is at least possible to have adult discussion with a Soviet-style Communist who admits the facts but justifies them on theoretical grounds. When it comes to know-nothing partisanship, with its abusive drivel about Hitlerite obsessions, I only hope that readers will forgive me some acerbity. Intellectual infantiticide is distasteful. But if you *will* open your columns to this incoherent screaming, sooner or later one is driven to it.

ROBERT CONQUEST.
4 York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, S.W.11.

AKAMBA, YORUBA, SWAHILI

Sir,—Your reviewer had no way of knowing that *Poems from Kenya*, edited by me, was not, as he states, "produced in the same spirit" as the two works from the Oxford Library of African Literature included in his review of March 23. I do not support the view expressed by the editors of the Oxford Library that "compositions in local (African) languages will make their impact on world literature as those of India and China have done for many years". This is an opinion which the editors of the Oxford Library no doubt share with many thousands of Africans, but not with me. The Oxford Library should more properly be called The Library of African Folk Literature, for the nine volumes so far published all reveal the limitations usually associated with an oral tradition. Your reviewer should recognize this, but he can hardly be blamed for blasting the hopes of the Oxford editors when the evidence they themselves have provided proves them to be wrong.

There is no way of making African oral tradition come alive in English. The example your reviewer gives to prove that it *can* be done was a translation by an Ugandan poet of his own *original* Acholi poem, not of a poem from oral tradition. The poems from Kenya by Ahmed Nassir are not original compositions but highly conventional rhyming verse in which the oral tradition of the Mombasa in Swahili is embedded. The work of editing African oral tradition should not be undertaken in the hope of providing good literature. Its disappointment is the inevitable result. Legitimate reasons for such work lie in the linguistic and sociological fields. If, as a side result, it proves to Africans eventually that their oral tradition is not to be correlated with good literature, so much the better. Only too often they need much persuading on this score. Original work in the important languages will see the beginnings of an African literature as a creative art, but at present such work is hard to find. Africans prefer to write in a foreign language.

LYNDON HARRIES,
Professor of African Languages and Literature,
University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisc.

(*A selection of letters on The Public Lending Right are on page 384*)

Letters to the Editor

LESSER BREEDS WITHOUT THE LAW

Sir,—Everyone knows that Rudyard Kipling is among the most frequently quoted of English authors, and your readers will know that he is the most frequently misquoted. Hardly a week passes in which some leader-writer does not refer to the *Ballad of East and West*, or to the "lesser breeds". Five and twenty years ago, George Orwell pointed out that Kipling's comment on East and West was, "Yes, but they do meet". It makes no difference; the leader-writers continue to misquote.

The case of the "lesser breeds" is more complex, and what the author means is not easily demonstrable. But from the context it is clear that he could not possibly have been alluding to the colonial peoples.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law. . .
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Let these phrases speak for themselves. The form and the syntax allow no interpretation but that this is a warning to British Imperialists against boastful arrogance, which would lower them to the level of those other unworthy imperialists, "the Gentiles", who are "lesser" because they are "without the Law". Did he mean the Germans? Or the Americans? Who can say? But to suggest that he meant the colonial peoples makes nonsense of the whole passage.

If we are to grasp Kipling's meaning, we must relate it to the strange Stoical concept of the Law which dominated all his thinking. He derived it, I believe, from Emerson, whose portrait hung above his desk when he was a young man. But the terminology, as so often with Kipling, comes straight from the Bible, and in this instance from the second chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. (I thought I had made the discovery until I noticed that R. Thurston Hopkins alluded to it in his book on Kipling, thirty years ago.) St. Paul, as your readers will remember, was writing to the Christians in Imperial Rome, a people who had a greater responsibility because they had a higher law than their rulers. He does not praise his fellow-Christians, he upbraids them bitterly for the boasting, the arrogance, and the insincerity, which lower them to the level of the Pagan Romans, the Gentiles, to whom something may be forgiven because they are ignorant of the Higher Law.

O Man, wherein thou judgest another, thou judgest thyself: for thou that judgest doest the same thing . . .

For as many as have sinned without law, shall perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law shall perish by the law. For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not a law, are a law unto themselves. . . .

Thou, that makest thy boast of law, through breaking the law, dishonourest God. For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you.

Many echoes from the Epistle to the Romans are to be found in Kipling's works; and those critics who, so confidently, assert that there was no development in his thought, might find a more humane and balanced version of "the Law" in a late story, *The Church that was at Antioch*, written more than thirty years after *Recessional*.

C. E. CARRINGTON.
56 Canonbury Park South, London, N.1.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE

Sir,—Mr. Lowe's letter (April 20) suggests that students have lost by expressing rebellious attitudes, or so it has always seemed. In the recent troubles at the L.S.E. it merely needed the politically inflammable Rhodesian issue to spark off their resentment at having an unwelcome director imposed over them. But when the man in the bus, with his customary shortsightedness, deplores their "strike" because they are supported by public money, we see how vulnerable the system of government grants has made them. When everyone is expected to dance to the piper's tune we are not far from the point where there is only one piper and one tune. With a stroke of the pen the Minister might at any time introduce a clause requiring that students be "satisfactory recipients" of government aid, which is but a short step from the situation, not two hours' flight from London today, where political reliability is a prerequisite for university education. The students' organizations might be well advised to re-examine carefully their rejection of the suggestion that loans should replace grants. They might in this way be in a better position to continue to call their souls their own.

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KEATS'S THREE Hs

IAN JACK: *Keats and the Mirror of Art.* 309pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £3 3s.

Fifty years ago Sir Sidney Colvin suggested that "a whole treatise" might be written on Keats's debt to the visual arts. As he was Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge and Keeper of Prints at the British Museum, it is surprising that he did not write it himself. Dr. Ian Jack has now filled this gap, with the advantage of fifty years during which art history has become a highly developed and special science. This makes his work not a mere treatise but a solid and fascinating book, worthily illustrated.

Keats, as Dr. Jack points out, moved among literary painters, painting literati, and magnificent hybrids of both arts such as William Hazlitt. With his all-absorbing mind, he mixed words and pictorial images quite naturally on his own poetic palette. "I should like to bring out my Dentatus at the time your Epic makes its appearance", he wrote to B. R. Haydon, jokingly transposing their two arts. More seriously, he often spoke of his own poetry in terms of painting: "I wish to diffuse the colouring of St. Agnes eve throughout a Poem in which Character and Sentiment would be, the figures to such drapery." It is not always remembered that it was a painting (by Leigh Hunt's uncle, Benjamin West), not a poem, that inspired one of his best-known aesthetic pronouncements on his perennial Beauty-Truth theme. The critical attitudes of his age linked the two arts; Dr. Jack neatly analyses Keats's powerful trio of Hs—Hunt, Haydon, Hazlitt—who all fostered this pictorial poetic habit in the young writer.

The book is a fund of biography of minor figures in the early nineteenth-century artistic scene—James Elmes, editor of *Annals of the Fine Arts*, and Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, forger, murderer and art-critic. It is not altogether free from minor biographical errors; it was not, for instance, Haydon's copy of Chapman's Homer that inspired Keats's famous sonnet, but the copy belonging to Thomas Alsager, financial correspondent of *The Times*, and a good friend to struggling artists and poets. Yet the book provides, on the whole, an accurate and well-documented guide to the milieu in which Keats's poems were formed. What does it tell us about the poems themselves? The two painters Keats mentions in his verse (apart from Haydon) are Titian and Salvator Rosa, though a tribute is paid to Haydon's championship of Raphael. Two painters who have long been recognized as influences on Keats are Claude and Poussin, though Dr. Jack was the first to connect the latter's "The Realm of Flora" with a long passage in Keats's "Sleep and Poetry".

Yet the extent to which Keats's unconscious mind changed, transposed and coloured these suggestions from one art into another is almost impossible to analyse. The difficulty, even for such an agile and well-informed source hunter as Dr. Jack, is that Keats was such a receptive and many-sided person. He told a friend, who, incidentally, only remembered his love of painting as being of a general nature, that "had he studied music, he had some notion of the combinations of sounds, by which he thought he could have done something as original as his poetry". How can we ever be sure whether words, painting or music were the sources of any one passage in his works? Too often we must rely on conjecture, though these guesses have made an extremely interesting anthology of the art history and visual taste of Keats's day. Perhaps some musicologist may see the equally interesting connexion between Keats and the music of his time, and give us his results in the next fifty years.

SHELLEY PLAYED

ANN JELLICOE: *Shelley or The Idealist.* 111pp. Faber and Faber. 16s.

Ann Jellicoe's *Shelley*, which was produced at the Royal Court Theatre as the first play under the present artistic direction of William Gaskill, is a gentle, self-effacing play using a narrative biographical technique that makes it akin in manner to Büchner's *Danton's Death*. Nevertheless, although it is not startling as a play, it is very likable. One senses that Miss Jellicoe, in her treatment of Shelley's life, wanted to keep within certain clear limits: she wanted to keep on the side of the angels, with the result that the darkness, chaos and hysteria of the poet's life are only touched upon, hinted at rather than realized. She may have been too much in love with her subject's youthful idealism; the hero of her play is too oblivious to doubt, too limpidly resolved; the deficiencies in Shelley's character are clear but they remain unchallenged. The play is transparent in texture.

One of Miss Jellicoe's strengths in *The Knack* was her ability to invest a naive situation with an extraordinary wealth of comic complications. In spinning a "web of shifting relationships", to which she refers in her revealing and intelligent introduction, she was sophisticating the game of tensions and complexes that involved her characters. With Shelley she has taken a highly complex character who existed in a grossly tangled web of human relationships, and tried to create a kind of simple nostalgia within the mess of his life: in presenting innocence, that very innocence has vitiated her story-telling manner. Her character of Shelley can extend into priggishness, and into the ludicrous, as when Harriet Westbrook refuses to breast-feed their child and he reveals himself as a Lady Macbeth in reverse: "(He tears open his shirt) Why aren't I a woman? Give her to me. Ianthe! Drink! Drink! Here! Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh . . .".

What he cannot do, although in the Royal Court production he was compellingly portrayed by Ronald Pickup, is to break through the barriers of what appears a primarily literary conception. He talks too often like a letter or a philosophical tract. It may be Shelley did indeed talk like this, but at least part of the surprise and enjoyment of confronting such a known figure on the stage could be a completely unconventional and new conception.

But *Shelley* is by no means a bad play; it has consistency and direction in the writing: it could well be very important in Miss Jellicoe's development. And it is unusual in so far as it does attempt to deal with, as Miss Jellicoe calls them in her introduction, the "problems of goodness".

Three new volumes have appeared in the Fitzroy Edition of the works of Jack London published by Arco Publications. They are *The Game and The Abysmal Brute* (142pp., 25s.); *John Barleycorn* (190pp., 25s.) and *The Road* (150pp., 25s.).

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CHARITABLE CHAUCER

B. G. KOONCE: *Chaucer and the Tradition of Fame.* Symbolism in *The House of Fame.* 391pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 12s.

The Princeton attack on traditional views of Chaucer continues. First mounted in D. W. Robertson's provocative, not to say tendentious, *Preface to Chaucer* which swept several shadowy enemies off the field and safely "sterilized" *Troilus and Criseyde*—it was extended with the help of Bernard F. Huppé, in *Fact and Chief* (the unhappy title of a joint study of the *Book of the Duchess* and the *Parliament of Fowls*) and later in Huppé's *Reading of the Canterbury Tales*. Of the long poems only *The House of Fame* remained unscrutinized, and Mr. Koonce's study is thus in the nature of a mopping-up operation. Like his predecessors he assumes that Chaucer always wrote with a profound spiritual purpose and under the influence of traditional exegesis; if it is not self-evident that all his poetry can be subsumed under the heads of Charity and Cupidity this is because, like the Holy Ghost, he often deliberately veiled his intention. We must look always for *irony* and *implicit meaning*—terms here employed *ad nauseam*. The single-mindedness of such criticism is as impressive, in its way, as the learning with which it is buttressed in lengthy footnotes; and Mr. Koonce, unlike his mentor, does not indulge in snide comments on modern taste and culture. His meaning is always clear enough, and if there are no graces of style there is—except for the terms just mentioned—little critical jargon. But no sooner has one grasped his thesis and his method than clouds of doubt begin to gather. "Cupidity", it appears, must be stretched to include any "carnal love" and Chaucer's "confusion" about Dido (ll.265-72), which leads him to depict Aeneas as a traitor, arises because the poet does not realize that "in breaking the carnal bond Aeneas is re-establishing the bond of divine love". The primness of such judgments makes one question whether Mr. Koonce, in spite of his protestations, tells the either Chaucer's humour or his artistic achievement". By focusing on certain passages and interpreting them in a scriptural allegorical sense he has ignored the tone and texture of the poem as a whole.

The essence of his thesis is that Chaucer's view of fame is based on a distinction between earthly and heavenly glory (the one belongs to cupidity, the other to *caritas*). The "love-tidings" that the dreamer seeks are not really about human but about divine love. Dido (in Book I) is meant to be a deplorable character because she is a prey to selfish desire, unlike Aeneas, who represents the Christian in search of a heavenly city. The three books of the poem correspond to the three parts of the *Divine Comedy* (a helpful suggestion) and show that Chaucer had perceived the whole inner pattern of Dante's meaning (which is much more dubious). The flight in the eagle's claws is to be viewed as a purgatorial experience. Chaucer is learning all the time about the foolishness of worldly fame which yet has a providential role. The cage of Rumour is a Satanic trap and the "friend" who directs the dreamer to it is a sophistical Satanic agent (because he stood "at my bak" and the Gospel says "Get thee *behind* me, Satan") yet perhaps *also* the voice of reason. The cage is sixty miles long, *and so* is an inversion of Solomon's temple (Holy Church), which was sixty *cubits* long. Before the eagle flies the dreamer into the cage he ejaculates "Peter!"; which is to remind us that Peter too was a spiritual pilgrim (Matt. xvi. 18 is cryptically adduced as proof of this). Finally, the mysterious "man of gret auctoritee" at the end of the poem is Christ himself, since he "spoke as one having authority". Thus the promised "tidings" must be the good news of salvation, and the jostling company are like those of Malachi 4 who leap like calves (expressing the jubilation of the redeemed; Matt. x. 26, Why Chaucer [illegible] to all this trouble simply tell the Gospel is the only tidings [illegible] hearing (and so make us [illegible] to worldly fame?) is not [illegible] instead we are asked to [illegible] that December 10, the dreamer, significantly falls in [illegible].

These few examples will [illegible] show how the new exegesis [illegible] to have it both ways. For [illegible] foolish goddess or idol; but [illegible] cities "By *God*!" she speaks, *providential* role. It was [illegible] this fashion that Bersuire [illegible] moralized Ovid, regardless [illegible] sequent inconsistencies. And [illegible] enough, Bersuire's Commentary [illegible] Scripture was at Mr. Koonce's [illegible] throughout, though other [illegible] pretation lacks any other [illegible]. We are asked to assume that [illegible] Chaucer but also his audience, their Bersuire, or their Ro[illegible] thoroughly as the Princeton [illegible] men do. It is not merely [illegible] poem is required to carry [illegible] tiple meanings that were [illegible] Ovid or the Scriptures [illegible] similitude has to be found [illegible] feature. Thus, if Chaucer [illegible] ciates his eagle with [illegible] and divine protection [illegible] it is because the word [illegible] occurs in Deut. xxxii, [illegible] the simile of an eagle [illegible] young to fly. By means [illegible] and the Indexes to Mo[illegible] things can be made plain [illegible] becomes not only a more [illegible] cher than Scotus or Aquinas [illegible] more rigorous than the Ch[illegible] who shared his belief that [illegible] good news yet to hear" yet [illegible] that the *terra promissa* [illegible] reached by way of Kensal Gre[illegible] fact, the eagle in the poem [illegible] count it to the dreamer for [illegible] ness that he knows [illegible] "veray neyghbores", and [illegible] Chaucer, like G.K.C., seems [illegible] found singularly good [illegible] a tavern. But Mr. Koonce's [illegible] tion of *caritas* cannot [illegible] that.

GOD'S WAYS IN GAME

V. A. KOLVE: *The Play Called Corpus Christi.* 337pp. Edward Arnold. £3 3s.

Of the many books (chiefly transatlantic) on English medieval drama that have appeared since the war, this study by an American Rhodes Scholar is certainly the most readable and perhaps the most important. Curiously enough, no other investigator has attempted to define the unique artistic structure of the Chester, Towneley and Coventry cycles, to discover what a heterogeneous medieval audience would have made of these plays as staged, or to indicate the complex religious inheritance on which the sophisticated dramatists drew in order to provoke a deeper response to the Christian theme.

The starting point is a significant difference in the names applied to this vernacular drama. It is not *ordo* or *officium* or *miraculum* or *representatio* but *ludus* or *pagina* or *play* (hence Wycliffe objections) or *game*. Yet a "game" has its own pattern, its own order; and these particular "games" were intended to show the pattern of God's ways, *in time*. It is street drama, full of familiar faces—some of the actors step out of character to address their fellow-citizens directly. It does not aim at illusion but at translation of reality into a mimetic mode (if such terms savour of Auerbach's *Mimesis* it must be added that Mr. Kolve has thoroughly assimilated Auerbach's teaching). There now appears to be no warrant for the common view that between c. 1318 (the date of the establishment of the Feast of Corpus Christi in England) and 1376 (the date of the first reference to the plays) Latin *ordines* or *miracula* were translated, transferred to this feastday, and elaborated into a cycle. Earlier scholars forgot; or failed to notice, the purpose of the Feast itself: it was to provide a "singular solace" outside the regular liturgical sequence. In England this was done by these series of plays showing the place and purpose of *Corpus Christi* in human history: hence they led up from man's Fall to the Passion, and from the Passion to the General Doom—and continued to do so when performances were moved to a different date. It is not a question of increasing secularization but of a single coherent dramatic intent "the celebrating of God's supreme gift. There was no "parent cycle", but a sequence of "core" subjects (including Abraham and Isaac, and Lazarus) can safely be reconstructed, and placed under the general heads of the three Divine Advents: Creation, Redemption, Judgment. In the Harrowing of Hell a theological pattern that begins with the Fall of Lucifer reaches fulfilment. From the vast fund of Old Testament stories the dramatists chose only those with a specific figurative significance. Thus the Cain and Abel play prefigures the Passion and Mr. Kolve notes that at a recent Mermaid production of the Towneley version Abel, type of the Sacrifice, very properly fell dead on the spot that had served as altar. The Brome Isaac's cry "I ord reseyve me into thy hand" deliberately anticipates Luke xxiii, 46.

Mr. Kolve (who draws on a wide variety of illustrative sources—the Holkham Bible picture book, the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis* spandrels at Salisbury, St. Thomas's Office for the Feast) detects as a secondary principle of selection the Christian tradition that divides human time into seven ages—a principle to which we (and John Bale's *Interlude* of 1538) owe such subjects as Moses, and David. Once we grasp the intention of arranging events "vertically", as God himself might be said to do, the anachronistic localizing and anglicizing of incident—Cain's fear of the bailiffs, Mrs. Noah's "Stafford blew"—take on a new significance. Christ is adored by English shepherds and killed by English louts so that an English audience may recognize its share in the guilt—and the blessing.

The comedy, even when vulgar, is not naive. *Homo est animale rationale, mortale*, but also *risus capax*; and Mr. Kolve aptly cites (and fairly glosses) the considered defence of such plays as a source of mirth put forward by *Dives et Pauper* on scriptural, physiological and psychological grounds. A. P. Rossiter's theory of comic mockery and compulsive defamation is consequently scouted. Since the Devil (like Antichrist, Archisynagogus) is an Ape he can afford to laugh at him. The more genial laughter greets Mrs. Noah has its theological *ratio d'être*: she is foolish to an overthrow order. And in [illegible] of which the shepherd [illegible] boasts prefigures Christ's birth.

It is in the treatment of [illegible] that differences between [illegible] and the liturgical Latin drama most strikingly. The subject [illegible] barely occurs in the latter [illegible] the English playwrights [illegible] Gospel narrative by enlarging [illegible] ous roles and in particular [illegible] the *tortores*, who treat the [illegible] a game to sermon cited by [illegible] in fact describe the scene [illegible] of blindman's buff) [illegible] much awareness of the victim—perhaps the [illegible] making the horror [illegible] explanation leads us [illegible] discussion, partly in [illegible] of Natural Man's relation [illegible] and to good: "The good [illegible] have a kind of spiritual [illegible] which is larger than [illegible] saved in these [illegible] who perform the [illegible] mercy in society [illegible] Hence their persistent [illegible] tenderness. "Elizabeth [illegible] "How's everyone at home" [illegible] pronouncing "Blessed [illegible] amongst women"; [illegible] God make his son [illegible] man". Something of [illegible] warmth pervades the [illegible] lished *Hours of Calling* [illegible] —and Mr. Kolve's book [illegible] has clearly learnt much from [illegible] scholarship and from [illegible] ductions of these plays [illegible] and producers (as well as [illegible] have at least as much to [illegible] him. And there is a kind [illegible] justice in the fact that such a book came out the [illegible] Brome play was sold to [illegible] our first loss of this kind [illegible] Towneley plays have been [illegible] Huntington Library for [illegible] —but the lines said to be [illegible] from them "as part of the [illegible] design of this book" [illegible] there.

IRISHMAN IN SOHO

PATRICK KAVANAGH: *Collected Prose.* 287pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 10s.

"There will be good writers in the country, and it will be due to my work", Mr. Kavanagh declared, thirteen years ago. The occasion was a celebrated trial in the Four Courts, Dublin, where the poet sued an Irish magazine, claiming damages for alleged libel. In the result, the jury did not consider that the claim should stand, and Mr. Kavanagh lost the case. A report of the proceedings, condensed to fifty-seven pages, is included now in *Collected Prose*, presumably to ensure that legal defeat will be followed by moral victory. It is generally considered in Dublin that the poet was harshly treated in cross-examination by Mr. John A. Costello, a former Prime Minister of Ireland who as a Senior Counsel appeared for the magazine, but the record merely proves that in the Irish Courts a poet is treated like any other citizen. This is a scandal to those who think of Irish poets as court jesters or licensed fools for whom special privileges are reserved.

Mr. Kavanagh seems to expect these privileges. The coinage in the title of his book is not explained. Perhaps it refers to one of Myles na gCopaleen's sentences: "Ireland is a small inhibited country full of spoiled peauots". Perhaps the explanation is more recondite. Anyway, the book is a collection of pieces, sketches, samples, scattered journalistic items, written as desultory occasion required. Many of these items are interesting only because Mr. Kavanagh wrote them. In several cases this interest is not enough to justify their inclusion in an expensive book. Indeed, the whole enterprise depends upon the assumption that any words which issue from Mr. Kavanagh's mind are bound to be memorable. The fact is, however, that the only way to sustain this notion is to ignore the criteria of validity and perception and to take these pieces as if they were speeches in a play. The words are not compelling in themselves, but we can receive them as reflecting the character who speaks them. If we are primarily interested in the character, we receive the words in that spirit. So the book may be read as a play, or rather as scenes from several incomplete plays: tragedies, problem plays, farces, and charades. To bring more direct or more exacting considerations to bear upon the book is to conclude that it should not have been published.

Approached in this or indeed in any other way, the book makes embarrassing reading. Mr. Kavanagh started as a parish poet, before heading for Dublin and London. The verbal counterpart of his experience is an indecorous mixture of styles. Inniskeen defeated by the Soho pubs. *Tarry Flynn* and the rural sketches grind against "telly stars", poets in search of "spondulacs", men "beating the rap" and going on "jags". Indeed, the only parts of the book which are worth preserving are sketches of life in rural Monaghan; football and the parish pump. When Mr. Kavanagh tries to think in prose, or to develop a critical position, the result is painful to read. When he lays down the aesthetic law, he discloses an incapacity for systematic reasoning which is almost touching in its innocence.

Mr. Kavanagh takes great stock in such words as "love", "earth", and "laughter", but his use of these words implies a moral claim which is not substantiated. Most of the specific judgments are mean. The result is that, as the book wears on, the reader looks at the poet's claims with increasing scepticism. When he finds the poet claiming feelings of universal propriety, he holds the claim in abeyance. "Lonely on Highgate Hill outside St. Joseph's Church", Mr. Kavanagh says, "I rushed to buy my *Dundalk Democrat*, and reading it I was back in my native field." The sentiment is common enough in Irish emigrants; and yet at this point in the book Mr. Kavanagh's more-sensitive-than thou posture is so extreme that the reader cannot fail to wonder if the *Dundalk Democrat* really is sold at St. Joseph's.

It is necessary to remind oneself that Mr. Kavanagh has written ten or twelve good poems, and *Tarry Flynn*.

DOWN UNDER

HAL PORTER: *The Paper Chase.* 305pp. Angus and Robertson. 30s.

This second instalment of Mr. Porter's autobiography begins in 1929 where *The Watcher on the Cast Iron Balcony* left off. His mother's death is recalled in brief salute and farewell, and then he is away, eighteen years old and pausing only for paragraphs until he halts in 1949, no doubt intending to take up the running in a further volume.

The lives of writers, with some notable exceptions, seldom pass in battles, sieges, fortunes, nor do those of schoolteachers summon expectation of moving accidents by flood and field. Mr. Porter has spent most of his adult life being writer or teacher or both and, if his book is interesting, the excitement does not arise from the events recounted but from the skill and ardour of their recounting and the brilliant precision and zest with which they are recalled. Mr. Porter is not so much telling us the story of his life as reliving it and making us relive it with him; and all this against a panorama of the Australian city and countryside in the 1930s and [illegible].

Mr. Porter's memory never seems to let him down and the authentic recollection of detail so marked in his first volume is as unfailing as before. The books read by himself and his friends, the meals they ate and the drinks they drank, their dances, their clothes, and the ideas they played with or at played with them, everything is there. Landladies and lodgers, the furnishings of a hundred rooms, the clientele of cafés, everything is recalled with fidelity of ear and eye. Because our impresario is interested now as he was when lived what he relates, the reel is fresh, the pictures unfaded, the narrative unflagging. And the skill with which he uses the present tense makes his tale as headlong and immediate as life itself. The writing is full of good phrases ("apples of bellyache green") and is animated and dynamised by the author's tireless animism—even the taxicabs, which most writers would scarcely mention, hiss along with fixed eyes, and there are "tides of sheep complaining through outrider streets".

Yet some of the innocence of the earlier book has gone. There are moments when we would like to see Mr. Porter through eyes other than his own. We know what he thought of left-wing intellectuals. We would rather like to know, and not from him, what was their view of him. And there is a certain crafliness hidden not altogether completely in the craft. His use of the present tense is not only a device to create vividness. It is also protective. It re-creates the man he used to be. If we do not always like the man—sometimes emerging as a little pretentious, provincial in the attempted catholicity of cultural allusion, brash on occasion, jingoistically Australian ("Australian men are the best mannered men in the world"), proud of not having known the war was coming and yet arrogant in his contempt for those who did know, a snob towards immigrants, an intelligence rather than an intellect, and a man whose individualism often looks like egotism—Mr. Porter can always reply that this was the man he may have been but must not be confused with the man who now recalls.

What redeems these warts and wrinkles in the self-portrait is that they make it more lifelike and more human; and, better still, when Mr. Porter's sympathies are roused—usually for one person rather than a class—as they are for his Japanese woman servant, they come through with warmth and generosity. But it is not for its ideas that the book is valuable but for the impressions so vividly felt and conveyed.

AMERICAN IN PARIS

The Paris Diary of Ned Rorem. 240pp. Barrie and Rockliff. 30s.

Though his *mœurs* belong to a different century, Ned Rorem is Henry James's typical American in his reaction to Paris. A young composer, principally of songs, he lived in that paradise of good United States citizens, with occasional excursions to Italy and North Africa, between 1951 and 1955, when he was in his late twenties and early thirties. He was an indefatigable social climber, worming his way painstakingly, undeterred by snubs, into the lives of the notable Parisian figures whose company and patronage he coveted, the literary and musical society of the city at the period. His hardest work was to insinuate himself into the circle of a famous hostess, the Vicomtesse Marie-Laure de Noailles. His pertinacity was rewarded in the end with a long and passionate friendship, but not until, after a series of rebuffs, he had become blind drunk on champagne at one of her receptions, and sent her reeling to the floor before her alarmed guests. "The noble hostess motioned for them to release me, then rose with a bemused stare of utter satisfaction; she had triumphed before her friends: somebody new *raved*."

Ned Rorem's method of getting to know such lions as Jean Cocteau was to write "flirtatious letters" enclosing a photograph. A fair number of these, by such fashionable operators as Man Ray and Cartier-Bresson, as well as a sketch by Cocteau, appear among the pages of the diary, showing him to be a conventionally beautiful young man, the type often seen as the hero of a Cocteau film or on the kind of postcards popular with French lovers before the last war. The subjects of the other photographs—the Barraults, Julien Green, Julius Katchen, Virgil Thompson, Copland, Auric and other Paris celebrities, are seen attended by the handsome youth. Only the Vicomtesse and Poulenc, whose music Rorem admired, are allowed to appear alone. On the subject of his own looks Rorem is lyrical. "In my new canary-yellow shirt from Chez Vachon in St. Tropez, my golden legs in khaki shorts, my tan sandals and my orange hair, I look like a jar of honey", but fortunately not without humour: "Famous last words of Ned Rorem, crushed by a truck, gnawed by the pox, stung by wasps, in dire pain: 'How do I look?'"

The diary, which is a selection from more copious volumes, contains no precise dates and reads as if it were designed for publication. It is really a collection of *pensées*, interspersed with selected accounts of meetings with the great and famous, on life, love, alcohol and, occasionally, music. It is on the last subject that Rorem is, fittingly, at his best. His enthusiasm for other people's music is engaging—Les Six, Britten (*The Turn of the Screw*" even if it is not a masterpiece it's the piece of a master")—though he dislikes Boulez and the followers of Schoenberg. "The twelve-tonners behave as if music should be seen and not heard" and "I despair at twelve-toners: they have lost the need for pleasure". He has a moving admiration amounting to envy for the amateur, the type of amateur, at least, who buys a piano and works at it with hopeless dedication.

The sketches of Paris friends—Landowska, Boulanger, Thiard, even Marie-Laure de Noailles tell rather more about the self-regarding personality of the author than about their subjects. A good deal too many pages are taken up with reflections on the unpleasing aftermath of debauches. Love in one form or another occupies much of it, the word used to cover a wide variety of encounters, from a chance brush with a stranger in the street to experiences of genuine depth. Turned thirty, the composer reflects on his lack of inspiration, on the "pallid unspontaneous musical mass of treacle" he was turning out; his disappointment at never winning any of the prizes he competed for. "Maybe", he considers, towards the end of his stay in France, "I'm too literary for music." Maybe. For all the irritations in this narcissistic diary Ned Rorem's prose is supple, vivid, arresting, his candour is engaging.

LÀ-BAS

JEAN GENET: *Lettres à Roger Blin.* 69pp. Paris: Gallimard. 9fr.

This book is a series, presumably selective, of letters and notes from Genet to the director of the Paris production last April of his strip-panorama of the Algerian War, *Les Paravents*, "où, dans l'image de ses guerriers qui pourrissent, la France pourra se regarder pourrir", so far unseen in public performance in this country.

Genet, who has long protested fervent lack of interest in the theatre, has now written five plays for it, each furnished, on publication, with an essay on how to act the work in question. These letters, being written to a practical colleague for urgent practical purposes, dispense with a great deal of the fine writing that attends Genet's printed theorizing and, like reports of Brecht in actual rehearsal, give one a much clearer idea of how the author wants the play done than volumes of theoretical writing.

It is a pity that these letters are so uniformly amicable and congratulatory. This makes the book of interest only to the professional in the theatre, and the student of its author. The record of a working partnership only takes fire when the tensions mount. But the telephone has killed the great correspondences between collaborators, and the tempo of the theatre usually leaves neither time nor occasion for prolonged letter writing.

Whether or not Genet's theatrical vision of Hell will survive is doubtful. In England his influence is inhibited on the one hand by H.M. Customs, on the other by the Lord Chamberlain, and what manages to sift through between the mill-stones is further bedevilled by unfluent mid-atlantic translations which give off a faint inter-war feeling of a what-the-butler-saw devised by Edgar Wallace, or of those odd typewritten pornographic romances which circulate in barrack-rooms, building sites, and other male arcana. Sex may know no frontiers, but nothing is as decisively nationalistic as the description of it.

Blurb writers fall over themselves to assert the seriousness with which we should take Genet as a dramatist; his daemonic inverted philosophy of abjection ("L'attitude ou la parole qui, dans la vie, apparaissent comme abjects, au théâtre, doivent émerveiller . . . par leur élégance et leur force d'évidence.") turns out to be dear old Huysmans, rubies and all, regurgitated in modern dress; more serious for a dramatist is the lack of sympathy with his characters, or rather the complete conversion of them into the author's own substance, which makes his stage work at any rate only fitfully interesting.

The precision and humanity which makes Brecht, even at his worst, a great dramatist writing badly, simply do not enter Genet's work. The magnificent harlots, the *durs*, the assassins have no life outside the author's imagination: the occasion for comparison, essential to all fiction, between the way the author sees his characters and the way they might see themselves, is missing.

A critic has compared *Les Paravents* to Chartres Cathedral for rigour of construction and richness of detail. This is a misleading and absurd comparison—as well compare it, for the same reasons, to St. Pancras or Government House, New Delhi, or the average late Victorian public lavatory—each time you come up with different overtones. The celebration of abjection (though Genet insists that the play "celebrates nothing"), the exaltation of masochistic masturbation-fantasy figures—the hero of one of the novels actually vamps Hitler, not without success, surely game, set and match in such circles—the withdrawal into dream and imagination, the rejection of revolution, the demand for a ritualized, hieratic, obsessional theatre, like a sort of debased pornographic Noh play, designed to corrupt rather than elevate, these are the symptoms of a formalist, sterile, Fascist-orientated art, which only the feverish and spectacular stylistic fireworks can save, and that for how long? As long as Chartres?

Essays and Studies 1967 is published for the English Association by John Murray (18s., 117pp.) and is collected by Martin Holmes. It includes essays on "Literature and the Transmutation of Experience" by A. E. Dyson; "Edward Hall and his 'Chronicle'" by Martin Holmes; "Farce and Fashion in *The Silent Woman*" by L. G. Salingar; Fletcher and Rowley, by Klaus Peter Steiger; Scott's *Chronicles of the Canongate* by J. T. Christie; Francis Adams, by Edgar Jones; and "Kipling and the Theatre", by J. C. Trewin.

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IMMEDIACY AND REFLECTION

SØREN KIERKEGAARD: *Crisis in the Life of an Actress.* And other essays on Drama. Translated with Introduction by Stephen Crites. 154pp. Collins. 25s.

The Introduction to Kierkegaard's three articles on acting occupies half of this little book. The articles and Kierkegaard's life-long interest in the theatre are not self-explanatory, and Professor Crites tells the reader just what he needs to know, working his material so well together that it ends by becoming a well-balanced account of Kierkegaard's work as a whole—as good as if not better than anything of the kind within its limits. In treating the "three stages of life"—the aesthetic, the ethical and the religious—Professor Crites's introduction has the great merit of never losing sight of "the equilibrium between the aesthetic and the ethical in the composition of personality" and so of not over-simplifying Kierkegaard's philosophy into a ruthless "either-or". The articles themselves are a reminder that to the end of Kierkegaard's life the "choice" was in no narrow sense exclusive. As he once wrote, he had been nourished on the Bible and Shakespeare, and the most tedious interpretations of his work are those which forget Shakespeare's influence on it.

Professor Crites begins by recalling the actors who inspired these articles, in particular Luise Heiberg, the greatest actress of the time, and her husband, J. L. Heiberg, an elegant litterateur with a smattering of metaphysics. Professor Crites might have explained the best known of what he calls Kierkegaard's "sly jibes" at Heiberg as it occurs in the longest of the philosophical works. In the *Concluding Unscientific Postscript* Heiberg appears thinly disguised as a pompous ass "Dr. Hjortespring"—Dr. Stag's leap. This needs a footnote, which it gets in the French translation. Heiberg was said, by the gossips, to be impotent, and Hjortespring, in the vernacular, means aphrodisiac.

"It is more difficult to describe a particular actor", Kierkegaard wrote, before beginning these articles, "than to write a whole philosophy of art." Fortunately for us, perhaps, he chose the hard road. But the question which dictated his whole approach to the theatre or, as Professor Crites says, his philosophy of art, comes out clearly enough. "In these articles, the polarity between immediacy and reflexion is basic." That is not saying too much. Not only in these articles, but throughout Kierkegaard's work, in particular wherever the "equilibrium" between the aesthetic and the religious spheres is explored, the overriding question is the relation of reflection and immediacy, or spontaneity. The parallel with Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy* ("the polarity between the Dionysian and the Apollonian") is handed out in a footnote, though it is far more instructive than the reference to Herman Hesse's *Steppenwolf*.

There is, in fact, another parallel to Kierkegaard's view of the theatre in Kleist's short story, "Das Marionettentheater"; Professor Crites might have mentioned it. In Kleist's story, the narrator, while watching the marionettes in the Residenzgarten in Munich, falls into conversation with a dancer from the Opera. How is it, he asks, that wooden dolls manipulated with strings can be so graceful? After giving his explanation, the dancer counters with another question: can one hope that grace of movement (spontaneity) will be recaptured after every movement has become conscious and reflective? Thus Kleist's preoccupation was remarkably close to Kierkegaard's, twenty years later.

The dancer concludes that:

> In the organic world where we see that reflection is weakened or obscured, grace shines forth with ever greater brilliance and authority . . . but once knowledge has passed through an unending (the "unending reflection" of the romantics, presumably), then grace reappears once more. . . . And that is the last chapter of the world's history.

The "last chapter" that is the ultimate question raised by the present age, which for Kierkegaard is "the age of reflexion". Can that "grace" be recaptured, can the most personal and individual in man, what Kierkegaard calls his *Primitivitet*, his spontaneity, be saved? Grace is a dual-purpose word, and doubly suitable. It indicates in the first place the parallel between the aesthetic and religious and the point of equilibrium "and a fit time time the "either-or" since, once the religious sphere is defined existentially, the moral is not come into play and seems to do so as an alternative to what is spontaneous. In considering Kierkegaard it is tempting to simplify, to read him as though the conflict between "the poet" and "the Christian" put the equilibrium out of reach, and left the reader faced by a bleak "either-or". Professor Crites holds the balance, and by giving due pronounce to the changes which occurred in Kierkegaard's thought in 1848, he is able to show his "basic" problem was grasped in a new light. Perhaps his version would have been given if he had stressed that it was then that Kierkegaard sought to develop the thought that "immediacy *after* reflexion".

It was a good idea to add the slight articles, for although they are marginal they emphasize, in a way which the larger, complex works, not one of the "basic" to the whole work. The translation, first rate.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH

VLADIMIR JANKÉLÉVITCH: *La Mort.* 426pp. Paris: Flammarion. 25fr.

What sorts of things might one expect a philosopher to have to say about death? Professor Jankélévitch writes about it for 400 pages and more. He tells us that death is both the most banal and natural of events, but also that it is both unacceptable and inconceivable. Death is beyond all experience, it is something that happens to someone else, it is the end that we can never reach. Yet I too will die, my death is already present in the impermanence of each passing moment, there will be a time someone else's time—when I am nothing at all. It is death that gives true meaning to life: it is death that renders life meaningless. If thought, love and liberty are all able to conquer death through their defiance, death will conquer their defiance as it returns them to the nothing from which they arose.

As is his style and his gift, Professor Jankélévitch writes in a great outpouring of acutely sensitive, richly repetitive, deeply cultivated talk. He is condemned to death, he is reprieved, he loses a parent, he is incurably ill, he is growing older and nearer to a death that is still indefinitely remote. He says the same things over and over again, but always in slightly varying ways so that they are not exactly the same things; or if they *are* the same things, they reappear in different metaposition with each other, or again they are not the same after all, even though in another sense they are. The style, it will be observed, is caught, except that what is caught turns out as an inevitable parody of the original.

Of course, Professor Jankélévitch is right. There is nothing more terrifying, fascinating, elusive, obsessive, life-enhancing, hope-destroying, than an acute awareness of one's own radical and manifold contingency. He understands and conveys his understanding of the urge, the necessity, to think the unthinkable, to recognize it in its very unthinkability, to come to terms with our total lack of security even while we must know for otherwise the terms would be bogus that there are no guaranteed terms at all.

As with all his writings, the book is a *tour de force*. Perhaps the performance is too masterly, too polished consistently to convey the pathos. And the final one that Professor Jankélévitch his variation on the theme "What has been, has been that has been lived, but be comes as a surprising even though one may have sure all along that he has he had something to be up sleeve. The curious, and impressive thing is that he knows perfectly that his trick is a trick and no more the others.

The book is published marion's "Nouvelle Scientifique" and the in his capacity as a philo fact there is nothing title about the book sug that is philosophic in sionally academic sense. But what's in a name? tists and analytic philosophers profit in their off-duty moments a reading, which need not matic, of these very being very human meditations theme which, whether we admit it or not, must press all.

A THEOLOGIAN'S THEOLOGIAN

KARL RAHNER: *Theological Investigations.* Volume IV. Translated by Kevin Smyth. 421pp. Baltimore: Helicon Press. London: Darton, Longman and Todd. £2 15s.
Biblical Homilies. Translated by Desmond Forristal and Richard Strachan. 191pp. Herder and Herder. London: Burns and Oates. 28s.

Future bibliographers are going to have some trouble in sorting out the works of Professor Rahner. Almost every article he writes seems to find its way into a volume of collected essays—sometimes into more than one; he is the editor of a whole series of encyclopedias; and the order of publication of *Theological Investigations* by no means corresponds with the numerical sequence of the volumes. His influence is, of course, enormous, and he has found a premature immortality by being included in the stained glass pantheon of an American Episcopalian cathedral. No Roman Catholic theologian of our time has so powerfully affected the formative work of theology: the scholarly process of being attentive to what is valid in tradition, while pursuing the creative investigation which leads to development and change.

It is a less sensational occupation than the popularization of views that spring from an intelligible enough reaction to the immobilism of "standard" theology. In this sense Karl Rahner is a theologian's theologian, and indeed he never attempts to make things easy for his reader. The involuted complexities of his German style make the translator's task impossibly hard. And that not merely because of the notorious difficulty of rendering technical German writing into a reasonable English prose; the *mood* of his writing is often oblique, parenthetical and over-concerned to avoid the illusions of easy discourse.

The fourth volume of his *Investigations* must at once be praised for the quality of its translation. Kevin Smyth has achieved, one must suppose, all that can be hoped for; and, if readers complain at the result, then they should read some other translations of Karl Rahner's works. They can only be grateful for what Mr. Smyth has done. The topics dealt with are not very obviously related to a single theme, treating as they do of the notion of development of dogma, the dogmatic understanding of the Trinity, Christology, Grace, the Sacraments, Eschatology and Christian Life. They cover in fact the same general field of theology as the first three volumes of *Investigations* (two of which are so far available in English), and what distinguishes them is that they have all been written since 1956. For Karl Rahner, theology is first of all a sensitive response to the verbal revelation that God has made through history: theological scholarship is concerned with acquiring a knowledge of it and with a continuing reflection upon what it implies. He more than any man has restored to Roman Catholic theology its biblical roots, although he is not primarily an exegete. He, too, has seized on the pastoral implications of any living theology, concerned as it must be with the Church's essential purpose of communicating God's salvation to men.

These preoccupations are evident in all that Professor Rahner writes, even at his most tortured and most technical. Thus, in the first part of the present volume, three lectures on "The concept of Mystery in Catholic Theology", he can provide an overriding theme that embraces—and gives fresh life to—the complexities of particular arguments.

Is Christian doctrine, where it covers real mysteries, really a highly complicated system of orderly statements? Or is it rather a mysteriously simple thing of infinite fulness, which can be propounded in an immense variety of statements, while its mysterious and simple unity remains unchanged? So that man, faced with the multiplicity of assertions, need not be the victim of modernistic simplifications of religion. If he finds himself as he really is, the being in face of the nameless mystery which he adores: *Adoro te devote, latens Deitas.*

This is his primary concern: to attempt to bring to bear all the resources of reason on the object of faith, but never to suppose that faith itself is the sum of the reasons he gives. This is specially evident when he is discussing the most transcendent of Christian truths, the nature of the Trinity or the theology of the Eucharist. However involved, he seems to get—and he is far from being emancipated from the traditions of scholastic disputation—he never wanders far from the fundamental sense of the theologian's task as being one of hearing as well as of speaking, of being all the time attentive to God's Word.

In the section that deals with the Sacraments, and in particular the chapter on "The Word and the Eucharist", we find Professor Rahner's method and true originality most clearly reflected. His concern to re-establish the Church as the Church of Word and Sacraments (for Roman Catholics the Church had for long seemed simply the means by which the sacraments were given to men) has greatly influenced the radical development in Catholic theology reflected in the dogmatic decrees of the Second Vatican Council. Its ecumenical importance is evident, and in terms of a renewed theology within the Church itself all that he has to say in this section is magisterial in its authority. His appeal for "a theology of symbolic reality", his insistence on preaching the Word as a declaration of the organic relationship between Word and Sacrament (which finds its fullest expression in the Eucharist), his prophetic reminder that the eschatological dimensions of Christian faith define "the real ground from which the eternal validity of man emerges"; all this, and much else besides, reveals the profound strength of his theological writing—rooted in tradition, but never enslaved by its mere formulations. And he can even add a chapter on "The Problem of Leisure", to prove—if proof were needed—that he is well aware of a real world in which the theologian's words must take root.

Biblical Homilies, reflects the strictly pastoral side of Karl Rahner's life, consisting as it does of brief homilies preached on the biblical readings at Mass Sunday by Sunday at the university church at Innsbruck. Here he is of course much clearer, much more concerned with mediating the Word of God to his hearers in the setting of the work of worship. The *Homilies* are not at all a set of pious sermons: they have his characteristic rigour of inquiry, his careful regard for exactly what weight an argument or illustration can bear. But they are an appropriate supplement to his more technical theological essays, since they show in practice how the pastoral emphasis that illuminates even his most speculative studies finds its full expression when the Word of God is in physical reality proclaimed to men.

EVERYMAN'S GOD

E. G. LEE: *The Minute Particular.* One Man's Story of God
SCM Press. 21s.

The spiritual autobiography is about as fashionable today as the penny-farthing. Some few books by ex-priests and nuns appear as retrospective accounts of a religious experience and attract the interest of the curious; but the straightforward account of what it means to have faith is a curio that most publishers must consider a liability.

Not so this book. It is written by a Unitarian minister, who looks back on his seventy years in an attempt to define the common element of his particular Christian life when seen against others, be they Buddhist or Roman Catholic. Mr. Lee can write. He does so with a simple directness that is sometimes almost naive but which never fails to hold the attention.

Taking his title and inspiration from Blake's *Jerusalem* "For art and science exist but in minutely organized particulars. And not in generalizing demonstrations of the rational power . . ." Mr. Lee sets out to explore his own strictly personal experience of God, "doctrinally outside the main stream of Christianity", as he puts it. In this way he hopes to bypass the familiar ecumenical dialogue and penetrate some new ground that all men, including non-Christians, share.

Not that he scorns present attempts to heal the divisions of Christianity and relate it more directly to the common man's experience of life, but he is certain that if Christians would only pause to deepen the grasp of their own individual faith, they would find new roots of unity below the tangled surface of their doctrinal differences. It is easy for Mr. Lee to say this. Blessed as he is with a comfortably light doctrinal knapsack, he seems to forget that for some Christians faith springs from their living experience of doctrine. It is quite misleading, therefore, to imagine dogma as a library with more or less volumes on its shelves according to the owner's reading habits. And this is the conundrum of Christian disunity, that while the Christ that all experience can only be one and the same, the way they experience and articulate it differs widely among Christians.

At one level of the book Mr. Lee quietly urges his point that faith is prior to dogmatic differences; another (and one suspects more portant to him) he explores faith and the pattern it has life. He puzzles at the question he is a religious man, what the answer: all he believes he has not cheated himself perience is authentic, after to himself. He declares that of himself, he could not have otherwise.

The reader cannot doubt the ity of Mr. Lee's religious but precisely because of its lectual nature he comes only a glimmer of what But perhaps, on Mr. Lee's each reader must be left own point of sympathy after his particular experience religious or humanist.

PAPAL POWER

ALDEN HATCH: *Pope Apostle on the Alps.* W. H. Allen. 30s.

Ever since his election, has had detractors. It was that, compared with his warmhearted and broad decessor, he should have by many austere and the latest of the several have appeared in the past two is written as if by a comrade who accompanied the Pope markable journey, was shaking the ups and downs of the Council, or in intimate when the dying Pius writer says, charged with serve the deposit of the Roman Catholic faith. readable, at times brilliant reporting: the account of visit to India is fascinating. The final verdict is favourable effect that it naturally would ing person, who wanted to but feared he was unfamiliar veloped and broadened his ter and outlook. Those pontificate: Impatient critics Paul's "prudence", and may be recommended to well-informed narrative may wonder at times how writer's authority is for statements.

NICE GUY

ROBIN WHITE: *His Own Kind.* 223pp. Bodley Head. 25s.

Mr. White, whose lively and luminous evocation of the Indian scene in earlier books is remembered, here turns his attention to his own country, the United States, and in particular to Warren Turner, a professor of English in the Californian university of El Cuervo.

Turner is unconventional, addicted to the dangerous practice of loving his neighbour as himself: in addition he is grotesquely accident-prone. As a result the conflict on which the book turns—Warren's dogged attempts to win custody of his 12-year-old son against the strong determination of his divorced wife and her affluent new husband—becomes one in which all the tactical advantages pile themselves up against him despite the strong efforts of his lawyer. By the end Warren Turner has lost, not only in every sense his son, but his job as well.

Mr. White brings out Turner's almost doomed likeableness with tact and sympathy. But he overloads with plot; and the mishaps that clatter down on Turner's head like hail on to a greenhouse roof can be so slapstick-unhappy that the tragi-comedy Mr. White seems to have intended is nudged toward than over the genre-frontier into farce.

Fiction (*continued*)

RESTIVE

RESTIF DE LA BRETONNE: *The Corrupted Ones.* Translated and edited by Alan Hull Walton. 223pp. Neville Spearman. 30s.

The English title is a sad comedown after the French, *Le Paysan et la paysanne pervertis: ou les dangers de la ville*, which Restif hoisted over this book as a flag of convenience. The translator considers it a masterpiece, but this has not stopped him editing it thoroughly, so as to release the intrigue from the digressions. Much of what remains is so conventional that one wonders whether the bath-water might not have given better value than the baby.

The plot tends to flow easily along in the channels worn for it by generations of gallant literature, allowing Restif little scope to bring in his obsessions. The eroticism is standardized; lovely girls faint and come round too late to stave off rape, sleeping partners are easily switched thanks to total black-out in the bedroom, and so on. It is sinister that Restif should seem more personal when it comes to degrading women than when pleasuring them, but in general his energetic field-work as a sociologist of love has not added much to *The Corrupted Ones*.

The corruption theme itself is also routine, making a hollow comparison between the family-centred values of the countryside and the bed-loose licence of the towns. Luckily, however, Restif's innocents, Edmond and his sister Ursule, are corrupted not by simple contagion but by the promptings of a wicked atheist, Gaudet d'Arras. This icy pupil of the Enlightenment has sometimes been seen as the model for Balzac's Vautrin, but since *The Corrupted Ones* is in letter-form he is forced to pervert the young by post, which deprives him of any physical presence. Moreover, for much of the book Gaudet is content to teach his victims how to use their bodies to win the class-war, rather than overturn society altogether. But just before he comes to an exemplary end he undergoes an unexpected and gratifying enlargement in stature, when his vast egoism is suddenly swamped by some of Restif's own eccentric socialism. Only here is Gaudet truly demonic, and some of his plans for society have a warped generosity all their own: he proposes, for example, to make debauchery so irresistible a fashion that the rich will all be ruined and their money thus redistributed among the needy.

Alan Hull Walton has deliberately translated *The Corrupted Ones* into periodless and therefore rather inky English, and has also reproduced some of the illustrations from the original French editions. But these are not linked to the text by page numbers and remain unnecessarily abstract.

BRAVE OLD WORLD

RICHARD STERN: *Stitch.* 205pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

In *Stitch* Richard Stern has a theme that Henry James might have gently yet ever so persistently worried over. The characters are American expatriates in Italy—in Venice for the most part—interested in the artistic process though not necessarily good at it, and interested, if often ruinously, in each other. The similarity to James, though, should not be too strongly pressed. These people have a harsh, staccato, sometimes coarse, way of talking that James would not have approved of, and some of them have most un-Jacobean money troubles.

Stitch himself is an octogenarian sculptor who has peopled a small island with his creations. But Stitch, formidable in accomplishment compared to the others, can't really be said to have made it. "The greatest men exhausted what they touched, but Stitch lingered, hinted, compared, abandoned. His island was beautiful wreckage . . . Stitch's life, as well as his island, marked the generality of his passion. He was always leaving things out, abandoning them, as he had his children . . ." The others are Nina, the would-be epic poetess, vital, lovable and always likely to make impulsive mistakes, who struggles towards her objective through the cold, tourtorless Venetian winter; "her body had known passion, her mind was not tangled in it" and Edward, over-weight and deplorable—"culture-hunting, church-licking" and irredeemably uncreative. Europe has brought out the worst in Edward, so his justifiably railing Cressida of a wife thinks; it has underlined the selfishness which lies at the core of his hungry pursuit of love.

Edward is a triumph of characterization, but perhaps the most haunting character of all in this remarkable book is Venice herself. Venice, a wintertime Venice, is always beautifully on the page: the cold sunsets across the lagoon, the misty, clawing vapours rising off the smaller canals, the palaces still peachlike in the weak sunlight. This is an altogether admirable novel, strongly and precisely imagined, clear-sighted, harsh yet forgiving.

CAFFING UP

LAURA DEL-RIVO: *Daffodil on the Pavement.* 224pp. Hutchinson. 25s.

This second novel by Miss Del-Rivo provides a somewhat stop-go account of Maggie's capers from the time of her Morrison-shelter childhood up to the present.

Maggie is an illegitimate child brought up by foster-parents who leave her, once her brief convent schooldays are over, to drift around London, feckless and intelligent. Her life, almost every day of it, seems horrible, yet on the whole she seems to like it—after all, wasn't there that time when she found a daffodil on the pavement?

To novel-readers of the 1960s the pattern will be familiar: up the junction and down the call, the jeans and jive, abortions and abertations, pop and pot, casual couplings followed either by *malaise* or by muzzy, half-baked philosophizing. And by the time the ragged little string of accidents is drawing to a close two little more illegitimates have arrived because Maggie, having been futilely on hand when her mate Pat went through it all, thinks a foetus is best left to take its course. And so the National Assistance comes marching bravely in to ensure that all can still be well or not so bad anyway in the Britain We've Built. Maggie, as she bobs lazily down the years, is contrasted with Jacob, who retains his energy and purposefulness although like her he has sloughed off all moral imperatives.

Miss Del-Rivo writes nicely even though her sentences are mordidly short and flat. She can make words work for her, and this saves her book from sinking. But reportage, however exact, of sleazy trivia can be suffocating when stretched out to novel length.

THAT WAS NO MEDALLION

KENNETH O'HARA: *Unknown Man, Seen in Profile.* 192pp. Gollancz. 21s.
CELIA FREMLIN: *Prisoner's Base.* 176pp. Gollancz. 18s.
ROSEMARY HARRIS: *All My Enemies.* 237pp. Faber and Faber. 21s.

Is *Unknown Man* . . . a first novel? The publishers don't tell us and we should like to know, for it is good and original. The story is told from the camera-eye of Birgit, the Danish wife of the rich man whose devotion is Pisanello medallions. Birgit is only another less valued possession and so she accepts a lover. The lover vanishes and the peculiar blackmail begins.

The telling is sophisticated and urbane, sometimes almost to the point of classy copy-writing. But the story grips throughout. The balance between Birgit the polished possession and lonely Birgit near mad from desertion and terror holds us as tightly as does the twisted plot of countervailing villains.

"In these days there are few sights more terrifying than that of a well-dressed man with a notebook looking at a piece of land." So begins Celia Fremlin's new novel, less, perhaps, a thriller than an exposure of female nastiness posing as philanthropy. Powerfully destructive emotions are let loose, not so much those of Helen disturbed by adolescence, of Maurice by murder and poetry, and of Mavis by fitful benefactions, but of terrible Claudia, the daughter, mother, do-gooder, hell-bent for disaster.

But admirably as Miss Fremlin uncovers moral nakedness, crime suspected is less compelling than crime accomplished, and crime too long delayed and finally accidental is the most disappointing of all.

All My Enemies falls into the romance-thriller category. Clever pretty Jenny has lost her twin and her fiancé, then finds her twin only to lose her husband. The plot of which she is the centre is convincingly more muddled than she can understand and it takes her, terrified, to Paris and to sinister Alexandria. This type of novel can afford to exploit feeling, and Jenny's grief is movingly presented. Probably a woman's book, but none the worse for that.

OTHER NEW NOVELS

MARIA FAGYAS: *The Widowmaker.* 232pp. Cassell. 21s.

To a small Hungarian village after the First World War the men ebb back from Russia. Then they die. So do other unwanted husbands. So do sick old people. So does the young squire, and it is his death which makes investigation and dreadful disclosure possible.

Maria Fagyas's novel is based on an actual case, but even without the knowledge of reality behind it, the horrible story is convincing because she has fully created her village, its peasants with their potentialities and limits, the barbarism-cum-civilization that marks all classes. One of the characters from outside suggests mass hysteria as an explanation, but he is wrong. The widowmakers are not hysterical and this is why the story is so horrible.

MICHAEL KENYON: *The Whole Hog.* 255pp. Collins. 16s.

Mr. Kenyon's first book, *May You Die in Ireland*, was good. The second is excellent. The subject, as the title suggests, is pig, and in particular a huge hog called Humphrey, a Large White or (in American) a Yorkshire, who lives in a cage in a Chicago laboratory experimented on by Arthur, a Yorkshire braindrainee. Humphrey and his brethren erupt into unexpected friskiness which, it appears, could be relevant to war and space race, and so, of course, is of interest not only to the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the American Air Force, but also to Them.

Expatriate Arthur is a lovable all-of-a-piece hero, his girl Liz an OK heroine, but it is the superpig who steals the scene and crowns this most enjoyable and unpretentious thriller. One small cavil, doubtfully adduced: aren't English sheep and pigs stunned with electric tongs rather than directly dispatched by humane killers?

WINSTON GRAHAM: *The Walking Stick.* 318pp. Collins. 25s.

Mr. Graham gives us an accurate, ironic portrait of that generation of Hampstead parents now entering middle age, ossified in its own intelligent liberalism, tolerant (of success), humane (short of personal involvement). From this unreassuring background his heroine, a crippled beauty, finds herself caught up in a jewelry theft, caught because one of the thieves, as it seems, offers her, for the first time in her life, love without pity. Her gradual involvement is well done—one capitulation of principle leads to the next and the robbery itself has the Rififi touch. But nothing of real significance emerges. The chief characters, although possessing all the qualities to enlist our sympathy, somehow fail to do so. The thief, painter *manqué*, has dropped into crime through a sad inability to distinguish fact from fiction, but we are merely told this. And the style—flat but never cool—simply underscores the general uninvolved effect.

CHRISTOPHER DAVIS: *Ishmael.* 136pp. Cassell. 18s.

Mr. Davis recreates for us the legend of the outcast Ishmael—who "became an archer", the Old Testament mysteriously says, though there is nothing here about this. As well as the archetypal reject himself, we are presented with Father Abraham, rich in shekels, olives and concubines; Sarah, ancient, miraculously fertile with Isaac; Hagar, the Egyptian proxy-mother who has lost her standing. They are all oracular, enigmatic, and remote, and they strike stiff Old Testament attitudes.

The book is filled out with fevered, backward-looking visions, but its main aim is to narrate the grim torments of Ishmael, Hagar and the two accompanying bondwomen after they have been expelled from the patriarchal tents to frizzle in the desert's summer heat. This barbaric, question-raising tale is now perhaps less familiar than it used to be; but many readers, though, will be much clearer about it after reading Mr. Davis's treatment.

BARBARA COMYNS: *A Touch of Mistletoe.* 213pp. Heinemann. 25s.

A Touch of Mistletoe sets out to trace the careers of beautiful Blanche and interesting Vicky, two country sisters who come to London in search of Life and Adventure. Depression and boils modify Blanche's ambitions and when, second time round, she finds wealth and a kind husband, the author's interest in her dwindles. We are left with Vicky, whose sense of adventure persists and leads her into marriages with creative men of charming instability.

The confrontation of stultifying comfort and impoverished creativity is not an original subject, and Miss Comyns, firmly on the side of the romantics, has no new discrimination to make. Basically sentimental, her book is rescued from triteness by the precision and variety of its detail, the occasional hits of an honest, if sometimes irritatingly simple style, and a determined optimism which is not entirely naive. Miss Comyns covers a good deal of O'Brien country without becoming maudlin.

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ROBERT HALE

NEW MEASURE

The sixth issue is devoted to new American poetry, and is guest-edited by Stuart Montgomery of the Fulcrum Press. It contains new poems by Edward Dorn, Gary Snyder, Clayton Eshleman, Larry Eigner, Jerome Rothenberg, Joel Oppenheimer, Robert L. Peters; and an article on Robert Duncan by Gael Turnbull.

Four further issues of New Measure are planned. Single copies at 4/- ($0.60) post free, or subscriptions to the full set of ten issues at £2 ($8.00) while back issues are available, may be ordered from the editor and publisher, Peter Jay at Lincoln College, Oxford.

PUBLIC LENDING RIGHT

Sir, I find that as I read more about the Public Lending Right in your columns, the less inclined I feel able to support it. As far as I can see a number of incompatible objectives are being un-successfully reconciled by the proposal, and I would like to suggest that there are several other possible ways of achieving them.

If we assume, as we must, that a given amount is available each year to libraries to spend, then the costs of the administration of a Public Lending Right scheme will come out of that sum, to give more to widely-read authors and their publishers. Inevitably the result will be to give more to widely-read authors and less to the rest; in the first scheme because the sums are payable per loan, and in the second scheme because, though the payment is related to the presence of volumes in the catalogue the fall in the sum spent on books will tend, surely, to reduce chiefly the purchases of the less-widely-read books. Inevitably, it seems to me, librarians will continue to buy C. P. Snow, because that is what there is the biggest demand for, and his extra income will be found by reducing the purchases of, let us suppose, serious works of scholarship, occasionally needed by school teachers, people doing evening degrees, students on vacation, and so on. The total effect will be to reduce the variety of books on offer, which seems to me to be undesirable, and to give more to the popular and less to the unpopular authors. Further, the rise in the incomes of the former will be less than the fall in the incomes of the latter, since the costs of administration must be deducted from the gross total spent on books. Even if we assume that more is spent on books by libraries than formerly, the case still holds. (There is the further point that since successful authors pay more in tax than unsuccessful ones, the total net income of authors as a class will fall still further.) I take it, therefore, that the Public Lending Right diminishes the variety of books available to the public, and diminishes the incomes of less-widely-read authors. Here we have a choice. PLR makes popular writers better off, and other writers, and the borrowing public, worse off.

This seems to me to be bad. Many, perhaps most, authors write to be read, and enjoy their income from writing as a pleasant bonus. Put it another way, I would far rather know that my books were in every public library than get a cheque from my publisher. Clearly, there are exceptions to this principle: authors who live on their income from writing (who are few) and those who might be called "writers", more common in America than here, who think that they would like to write but cannot because of commitments. (They usually refer to James Joyce when discussing their own case.) Taking the successful writers first, I would guess that the PLR would make a marginal addition to their income, and is desirable on that ground, and on the ground of equity, that the labourer is worthy of his hire. As I have attempted to suggest, it will make the unsuccessful author worse off, and not help the "writer" at all.

I would personally trust the Arts Council to help the last two cases. Any choice is bound to be difficult, and to include a group of duds and frauds; but the Arts Council has been more successful than could easily be imagined in weeding them out in the visual arts. One hundred thousand pounds given to the Arts Council would be money well spent for at least wisely wasted.

But what of the successful author, or the author who is becoming successful? How can his income be raised? The answer seems to me to be inescapable. It is only by selling more books, and keeping down the costs of producing them. In other words, it is only by the development of efficient publishing and bookselling techniques that ultimately the whole thing can be made to pay at all. This is a trite enough conclusion, but it is very difficult to act on it. I would hazard a guess that the number of books borrowed from libraries (or from friends) is highly correlated with book purchases: in other words, the habit of reading is the fundamental thing. But I see no reason why bookshops should not be subsidized; why the Public Library should not open, on its premises, a bookshop (perhaps leased to private enterprise); why the technique of paperback marketing should not be developed further.

In short, I believe that the whole question is being looked at upside down, and that far from penalizing the borrower we should be subsidizing him still further, not only because we want our books read, most of us, more than we want to earn from them, but also because probably in the end we get both.

JOHN VAIZEY.

24 Heathfield Terrace, London, W.4.

Sir,—Good Gracious me—all these errors that Mr. Alan White (April 27) has spotted in *my* letter! But are *they* errors? I did not, for instance, write that the Library Association had not been invited to participate, and I did not write that the librarians would administer the scheme—only that they were the next principal party after the authors. All this by the way. In a letter that was probably too long I made two main points: it seems to me that the average writer would get more money out of a virtually costless tax concession scheme, and that it would be embarrassing for publishers to have to stand by their traditional right, in this particular instance, and require a substantial percentage of the PLR yield. As Mr. Alan White, like the rest of us, is certainly primarily concerned with redressing the writers' position, will he give us his estimate of what a novel, selling in all between two and three thousand copies, would earn for the author through the PLR, and what percentage of that earning he considers the publishers should take for themselves?

Until we get down to brass tacks and know the answers to these questions, we are debating in an unrealistic, if not an emotional, vacuum.

JAMES MacGIBBON

30 Alma Street, London, N.W.5.

Sir,—I have been reading the letters in your columns for some weeks on the subject of the Public Lending Right. All these missives mention that the lending libraries administered by local authorities are free. A few seconds' reflection would convince your correspondents that in fact none of these institutions is free—the books in them are bought out of monies levied forcibly on the whole body of the ratepayers. The present library rate for the Borough of Stockport, in which I at present live, amounts to 5.31 pence in the pound. I therefore pay a sum of about £3 a year for the right to borrow books from our "free" library.

Authors are not commonly close reasoners and they can be excused for wishing to tap any source to increase their rather meagre pay. But surely even the most impracticable of them must know that there is nothing "free" in today's world. Do they still think we live in the age of Carnegie?

It seems to me that many of the persons who are backing the imposition of some sort of supplementary payment from the library-using public know enough of the way local government is financed to give them no excuse for the suggestion that books are issued free to the public anywhere.

I sincerely hope that library committees and librarians everywhere will oppose any attempt to abrogate the Public Lending Right as a matter of principle. The Free Lending Library has proved and I am sure will prove in the future one of the most powerful enemies of social betterment of the lowest-paid member of the community, and no selfish interest ought to be allowed to hamper that.

JOHN BISHOP

2 Ramsnider Avenue, Heaton Mersey, Stockport, Cheshire.

Sir, Mr. Bonham Carter (April 27) is unjust when he says I complain that "successful authors would earn more money". My letter says on the contrary that "there seems little argument against reward for success".

My complaint would be in and statements, suggestions and schemes based on cursory study of facts whether these be of minor importance like my personal views on reward for successful authors or of vital importance to the whole world of books and knowledge as is the idea of public lending right.

W. L. MURRISON.

Pledwick Lane, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

Sir, As a librarian, I have watched with no little concern the recent efforts of authors to obtain additional royalties from or via the public libraries of this country. It seems to me that, although discussion of this subject has now soared to a very rarefied atmosphere, little consideration has been given to basic principles. In the first place, the often-quoted comparison between the lending of books and the public performance of music or drama is demonstrably false, for the following reasons:

(a) Musical and dramatic performances may possibly bear comparison with the public reading of an author's work, but by what peculiar steps of logic are they equated with the lending of one object (in this case a book) by one party to another, for the latter's private perusal?

(b) Music and drama can be very profitable undertakings for all those connected with the performance of such works. It is therefore right and proper that the originators of these works receive remuneration whenever there is any possibility of this happening. Public libraries are essentially non-profit-making and a more reasonable scapegoat, if our authors are in need of one, is surely provided by the commercial circulating libraries (those that remain!) who do in fact try to make a profit from the loan of books.

There are one or two other points which seem pertinent. The first is, as Mr. Bell stated in your issue of April 20, that authors owe much to libraries (rather than the reverse) for on them they find a ready market for almost all books of any value. Furthermore, a market which, unlike the costlier hard-cover one, enables the public rarely to refrain from buying a book on price alone. I am constantly astonished at the distractions of modern life, and to the ever-increasing price of books. Any actual "loss of revenue" is a completely unknown factor and it is extremely doubtful, if it can be found out, of course, would public libraries be to agree to pay the next publication of a well-known author, and he could well make by the increased sales, how much the public libraries, in exciting people from purchasing their own books. I will guarantee this is not an experiment the artist will wish to repeat.

I notice there is much talk of Scandinavian libraries being very healthy, provided one forgets that due to the small number of books published in each Scandinavian language in comparison with the librarians of those countries have time in which to indulge in such amusement schemes. The same may be looked at in a world-wide sense to make it obvious that there is no need for assistance to be given to British authors, since there is a far more possible market for their books in the English-speaking world. Authors have, I imagine, a potential market of all the people in this market, some of them, I hope, they have my sympathy, have learned the techniques of reading in order to act as an agent for those who commit the sacred act of reading, nor am I trained to usurp the functions of the Ministry of Social Security. It is a monstrous reversal of principles and practice to argue that, having sold anything, the vendor has further say in what happens to it under the perfectly adequate laws covering copyright and performance.

Surely, if an author is dissatisfied with his royalties, this is a matter between himself and his publisher rather than the basis for an attempt to obtain a meal-ticket from a few public institutions which are directed entirely towards helping the reader.

R. E. M.

6 Combermere Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Sir,—Will you grant me the courtesy of one last letter on this intricate subject, since what is finally involved is our view of Shakespeare as an artist, his intention and his craftmanship?

Mr. Maxwell (April 6) and Professor Alexander (April 20) both misunderstand me on the same, crucial point; this must be the fault of some ambiguity of style that I have failed to notice and correct in myself. May I spell out my meaning once again? I will begin with the argument from design that leads straight to the fact of the crucial anomaly, in the Folio text, under discussion.

The two Trojan protagonists are Troilus and Hector, and the action leads to the heart-break of the former and the murder of the latter; I do not know a more poignant speech of desolated valediction in our language than that put into the mouth of Troilus (IV, iv, 33-48); it leads to the scene, agonizing for him, when he witnesses Cressida's encounter with Diomede, made more unendurable for the audience by the bestial comments of Thersites and the cold rationalist-reasoning of Ulysses (V, ii). In the scene that follows, we move into the Morte Hector, another scene of tragic farewell, made the more so by our foreknowledge of the massacre of this generous and gallant prince, given us by Cassandra's vision of it; this is the climax of the scene for one protagonist; it moves instantly into a climax for the other, with the entry of Pandarus bearing a letter from Cressida. Troilus, raging with the bitterness of the scene before, tears the letter up and dismisses Pandarus, with loathing, as a broker-lackey. Let us observe how skilfully the entry of Pandarus is contrived at this point; the subject is changed in an instant from Hector to Troilus by a simple *alarum*, which precedes the entry of Pandarus, and motivates Troilus's comment:

They are at it, hark: proud *Diomed*, believe
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

By this musical modulation we leave the key of Hector's murder and enter that of Troilus's betrayal, at the high point of his rejection of Cressida, and dismissal of Pandarus. We move on to the scenes of battle, culminating in the dastardly behaviour of Achilles that puts an end to Hector's life, and in the general grief of Troy, expressed in his younger brother's superb speech, that ends with the line

Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

All this would have gone very well at the Globe; the play could have stopped there. But instead we find in Folio the irrelevant entry of Pandarus (already so carefully dismissed) on the battle-field of all inappropriate places for such a character, and we find the broker-lackey phrase repeated. Troilus goes off at once, and Pandarus is given a long, scurrilous and incongruous chat to the audience about venereal disease, etcetera, which has nothing to do with the play as a whole, or even to any previous part of it, and is utterly unlike anything Shakespeare ever wrote for a Globe audience, at the end of a play.

That this was an afterthought, and is a fact of the text, will, I feel sure, be conceded to me by all; for it cannot have been written before, or simultaneously with, the dismissal scene of V.iii. It must therefore be held to have been written after it. *How long after and why are the whole point of our discussion.* If we compare it with the carefully structured dismissal of Pandarus in V.iii, it is a slapdash affair, and it militates, at the very last moment, against the demonstrable trend of the play. It cannot possibly have been foreseen, let alone planned, by Shakespeare when he began on the writing of Act V; whereas everything that leads up to Troilus's last, great speech is as wonderfully economical and, shapely as Shakespeare usually is. How came he to have this ragged "afterthought" for which he had to jettison a carefully constructed effect in a previous scene? How is it possible to believe that such a total change of tone and direction, that is not even a true part of the play, but a piece of vaudeville chat, was "part of the original process of composition", as Mr. Maxwell suggests? It makes no sense. Shakespeare was a responsible and subtle playwright, with every trick at his command; in mere skill he has no Elizabethan match. He was not one to bungle a carefully created effect for a sudden whim. That, he was willing to do so later, for a particular and discernible purpose, and for a special audience, is another matter.

Let me now turn to two direct questions put to me by Professor Alexander. He asks me whether I think Shakespeare was a simple plagiarist. He asks me this because I think he borrowed an idea for a costume (armour for an epilogue) from Marston and Jonson. The alternative to supposing that he did this is to suppose that he did not know about *Antonio and Mellida* and *The Poetaster*. I take it as a matter of course that he did. If he did, he must have known what he was doing in using the little device. If that is plagiary, then he was a plagiarist. But this is a poor trespass, more monstrous standing by: what of Enobarbus's speech beginning "The Barge she sat in . . ." or Coriolanus's speech beginning "O Mother, Mother! What have you done?" Are not these taken, almost word for word, from North's Plutarch? If Wilkestone had read *Measure for Measure*, or Munday *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, might they not have cried "Hang him plagiary" like Tibullus in *The Poetaster*? A glance at the six volumes of Shakespeare's sources and analogues so admirably edited by Professor Bullough will convince anyone that Shakespeare stole right and left; save that what would have been theft in others was victory in him.

His second question is whether I accept J. Q. Adams's account of the Christmas revels at Gray's Inn in 1594, as recorded in the *Gesta Grayorum*. I do indeed, and regard him as an important witness for me. All that I have to establish for my case in this connexion is that there was such tumult and uproar that Shakespeare and his Company could not get a hearing until midnight. This may have been fun for the Grayans and for us who read about it now; but was it fun for Shakespeare? Anyone who knows what actors are feeling before a performance will think not. This is what Adams says (*A Life of William Shakespeare*, 1923, p. 212):

The upshot of this embarrassing state of affairs was that at last the members of the Inner Temple, presumably the guests of honour, became "discontented and displeased", and in unmistakable anger left the Hall. . . Finally, at midnight, the turmoil was quieted, and the stage sufficiently cleared to enable Shakespeare and his fellows to begin their performance.

This entirely supports my view that it was a harassing evening for actors, and gives colour to my conjecture that Shakespeare resolved, if ever he was asked again to perform at a Christmas revel at an Inn of Court, to take what steps he could to protect his Company from its audience. This very natural idea dovetails with the threatening Prologue and the scurrilous Epilogue, and with the fact that we know the latter was an afterthought. Faced again with these tumultuous students, he tacked up to them in the Prologue and down to them in the Epilogue, specially composed for the occasion.

NEVILL COGHILL.

Savran House, Aylburton, Lydney, Gloucestershire.

Sir,—William Empson (April 20) misses the point. I never said that the title-page revision was done to advertise a new company; merely that it was necessary to avoid advertising an old one. For an inaccuracy the *cancel* was remarkably accurate, for the *Lord Chamberlens Men* and the *Kings Maiesties servants* were one and the same company. But a Quarto appearing in 1603 when the change of name took place *would* have been accurate, the accuracy being repeated by a 1609 facsimile.

Mr. Empson's point about a five-year period being short is equally mistaken. E. K. Chambers (*Elizabethan Stage*, *ii*, 143) records that the Admiral's Men produced fifty-five new plays within three years. This means that four major companies could present over three hundred new plays in a five-year period. If Mr. Empson saw all these, how many would he remember? And if he didn't, and *Troilus* were one of those omitted, why should he comment upon what was, to an Elizabethan, a perfectly ordinary piece of exaggeration? Mr. Empson remembers *Chu Chin Chow*; but in 1609 would he have remembered *Albere Galles* (1603) and known or cared whether it was or was not the same as *Nobody and Somebody* (1606)?

Scholars must accept, I think, that:

(i) Quartos were primarily intended for sale to playhouse audiences;

(ii) that pirated versions were sold outside the theatres;

(iii) that if pirated Quartos sold well managements would soon be selling their "better" versions inside, probably to a captive audience during the intervals between the acts.

Once the point is grasped a number of Quarto problems are solved, including that of issue. The point worries Empson now would have worried a Jacobean playgoer. He was no scholar, remember, and very often not even a literate; a provincial doing the sights, used to puffs of the new drama and *clapper-clawed* is only a little Accuracy he would not detect in a Quarto which was possibly sold him as a souvenir, firstly because he bought it and so would not stop to consider the whole of a three or four hour play anyway. But it would be tangible to show the neighbours.

Copies of plays (and so Quartos) in the current repertoire were often on sale in the theatres. Sometimes they are not sold but that is being played. Sometimes plains? Why should imagine that the reign of Charles I was short on commercial plays any better?

IVOR B. [illegible]

Oak Lees, Whitlewood Road, Ashtonstone, Surrey.

MRS. GASKELL

Sir,—Miss Lutyens [illegible] forgive me if the latest evidence of Ruskin's letters to Effie [illegible] her still leaves me unconvinced. On the contrary, it seems to confirm [illegible] refute the fact that there was [illegible] sort of understanding between [illegible] William" and Effie before [illegible] his proposal of marriage.

In saying "Think of [illegible] losing your friend through [illegible] fault of his own", Ruskin [illegible] cannot ask you", Ruskin [illegible] to imply that there had been [illegible] understanding between [illegible] Effie. William had been [illegible] understanding into a formal [illegible] on his return from India [illegible] had now made this [illegible] ting his oar in first. By [illegible] proposal of marriage [illegible] accepted, he had ruled out the [illegible] of William asking Effie [illegible] marriage. That, at least, [illegible] would interpret the extract [illegible] Miss Lutyens.

MALCOLM D. [illegible]

Inverurie, Kippford, [illegible] Kirkcudbrightshire.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Agriculture

NOLAN, WINIFRIDE. *Seven Fat Kine.* 178pp. Dublin: Talbot Press. 18s.

The passing years on a Wicklow farm are recorded in a book which continues an account begun by the author in an earlier volume, *The New Invasion*. The improvement of the farm is the underlying theme. The gorse, the cattle, the mushrooms and a string of other topics provide material for anecdote and reflection. The farming is seen in the context of a changing world. The knowledge of its problems is down to earth. The result is a serene and sensitive story of life on the land.

Arts and Crafts

HUGHES, THEBLE. *Cottage Antiques.* 219pp. Tutterworth Press. £2 10s.

Cottage Antiques is a simple little book full of out-of-the-way information about such fairly humble matters as patchwork coverlets, kitchen hearth furniture and pewter pots the kinds of objects which would have been commonplace in every farmhouse before it boasted a parlour furnished with mahogany, glass and the rest—in Cobbett's words "all as bare-faced upstart as any stock-jobber in the kingdom can boast of". Occasionally Mrs. Hughes strays into the parlour as, for instance, in her chapter on Old Maps, emphatically not cottage ornaments—but she generally knows her place, and no one is better qualified to interest a wide public in the many homely and frequently hideous objects she discusses.

International Antiques Yearbook, 1967-68. Edited by Philip Wilson. 1,280pp. Studio Vista. 25s.

This remarkably complete compilation of names and addresses of great and not-so-great picture and antique dealers both in this country and abroad makes its customary reappearance at this time of the year. Its place is not the bookshelf but the pocket beneath the dashboard of the car. While its purpose is wholly practical it provides a review of the past year's sales in both England and the United States, the English contribution by Gerald Reitlinger, whose dead-pan commentary upon the vagaries of fashion is as illuminating as ever.

Bibliography

COLLINSON, ROBERT (Compiler). *The Scolma Directory of Libraries and Special Collections on Africa.* 92pp. Crosby Lockwood. 35s.

This Directory, compiled for the Standing Conference on Library Materials on Africa, was first issued in 1963. It records, describes and indexes work in African studies—mainly from Africa itself—in the United Kingdom and Eire. The libraries and institutions are listed under towns and about fifteen libraries have been added to this new edition, with additional information on a number of other collections listed in the original Directory.

COTTON, GERALD B. and MCGILL, LINDA MARY. *Fiction Guides. General: British and American.* (The Readers Guide Series). 126pp. Clive Bingley. 25s.

A good survey which should have long and useful life. The compilers forestall the criticism which is the failing lot of every bibliographer by clearly defining the limits they have set themselves. The material, which is extensive and embraces all kinds of guides and aids to the study and criticism of fiction, has been well boiled down into relatively short lists and the titles of these are in turn [illegible] an adequate guide to the searcher. But even more gratitude would be earned if at some future date a subject index could be added to the authors and titles already provided.

Biography and Memoirs

[illegible], AUGUSTUS. *Narrative of a Residence in New Zealand, Journal of a Residence in Tristan da Cunha.* Edited by E. H. McCormick. 270pp. Oxford University Press. £2 15s.

Augustus Earle, known to his contemporaries as "the wandering artist", travelled widely in both the old world and the New, occasionally exhibiting at the Royal Academy. In his route from Rio to Calcutta, touched on Tristan da Cunha; prepared with "rambling around the [illegible] and making sketches", he missed his ship and was stranded on the island for six months. There his greatest hardship was shortage of paper; he was reduced to sketching on "a few blank leaves of some old tracts". After two years in New South Wales, he spent six months (1827-28) in New Zealand. He published his *Journal* and *Narrative* together in 1832. In reprinting them, Mr. McCormick's prime interest is in Earle's *Narrative* of New Zealand, for which he provides a good background account. Earle found much (excluding cannibalism) to admire in the Maoris, particularly their tattooing; work as fine as "that great natural genius" Arangbie's was so highly regarded that it became (in somewhat grisly fashion) collector's pieces. For the missionaries, however, those pious men with "no taste for the picturesque"—Earle had small sympathy: he was convinced that to teach a savage the abstruse points of the Gospels was of far less worth than to teach him how to weld a piece of iron or make a nail. If hardly profound, Earle's comments on New Zealand before colonization are invariably interesting.

Mr. McCormick includes a useful biographical sketch of the artist; and the twenty-four illustrations give a good idea of Earle's energetic if somewhat naive style. It is not surprising that Earle's paintings are now much sought after: it is, however, nonsense to suggest that, in comparison with Earle, his friend (and who else?) C. R. Leslie has fallen into oblivion.

WALKER, OLIVER. *The Hippo Poacher.* 160pp. Cassell. 30s.

The story of Tom Dunn, a half-caste hunter in Zululand at the start of the century. One of his many brothers yarns about his career to Mr. Walker, revealing him as an independent, trigger-happy adventurer admired by tribesmen and magistrates alike. Like Tom Dunn himself the narrative is steeped in the ways of Africa and her big game.

Economics

FEINSTEIN, C. H. *Domestic Capital Formation in the United Kingdom, 1920-1938.* 260pp. Cambridge University Press. £4 10s.

This valuable work in the series of Studies in the National Income and Expenditure of the U.K. covers all the chief industrial, agricultural, building, distributive and other forms of capital, relating various estimates in the prewar period to many authorities' postwar estimates. Another *opus* from the macro-economic workshop of Cambridge's Department of Applied Economics, and a "must" for all economics libraries.

ROUTH, GUY. *Occupation and Pay in Great Britain, 1906-60.* 182pp. Cambridge University Press. 35s.

This volume in the National Institute of Economic and Social Research series is valuable for its coverage of changes in occupations, their pay, their numbers during the period, and in employment of both sexes, &c. It shows up the slow rates of change in our basic social structure: proprietors and managers being almost static at 10 per cent of the occupied population, and pay differentials staying remarkably stable, save in wartime. Illuminating comparisons are made with the U.S.S.R., United States and other countries. It is a referential *locus classicus*, for which Dr. Routh and the N.I.E.S.R. deserve much thanks.

Gardening

HYAMS, EDWARD. *An Englishman's Garden.* 160pp. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

Mr. Hyams's great knowledge and long experience, his enthusiasm and real love of plants, combined with his easy style, make this a most enjoyable and informative book. In it he describes the acquisition, planning and making of his Devonshire garden, and although the garden is on a large scale for nowadays, there is plenty of practical information in the book to interest the smaller-scale gardener. The author is honest enough to include his failures and mistakes and even to admit, at the end of the book, that if he had to start all over again he would make a very different kind of garden. His sense of humour and his capacity for self-criticism never degenerate into facetiousness or whimsy, as so often happens in books of this kind. The various operations, some of them demanding Herculean strength and Job-like patience, which went into the making of the garden, are truthfully and entertainingly described.

The book is well produced and printed, illustrated with excellent black-and-white photographs.

History

BUSH, AMY E., and HATTON, JOHN *Thomas Bellott.* 19pp. The Friends of Bath Abbey. 3s. 6d.

A pamphlet which commemorates one of the first and principal benefactors of Bath Abbey. Thomas Bellott, who impoverished himself by his gifts towards the restoration of the abbey, the ruinous state of which had distressed Elizabeth I when she visited Bath, was steward to Lord Burghley and one of his executors. He was also the founder of a hospital for poor persons coming to Bath for the waters.

SMITH, LACY BALDWIN (Editor). *A History of England.* Vol. I. *The Making of England 55 B.C.-1399* by C. Warren Hollister. 240pp. Vol. II. *The Realm of England 1399-1688* by Lacey Baldwin Smith. 312pp. Vol. III. *The Age of Adjustment 1688-1830* by William B. Willcox. 245pp. Vol. IV. *Britain Yesterday and Today, 1830 to the Present* by Walter L. Arnstein. 392pp. Harrap. £4 the set.

A History of England has been compiled by four American professors under the general editorship of Lacey Baldwin Smith. The first two volumes take the reader along at a fast trot; the other two are much less compressed. They are presumably designed for American students. The first volume is sound; the second is rather controversial and contains a number of dubious generalizations. The last two have one or two infelicities and inaccuracies such as the statement that Lord Beaverbrook was the editor of the *Daily Express*. The authors strive to be lively, but there are several much better histories written at this level for British students.

TAYLOR, MARGARET S. *The Crowships of Cyfarthfa Castle.* 190pp. Robert Hale. 25s.

Built by a Merthyr Tydfil ironmaster early in the last century, the pseudo-Gothic pile of Cyfarthfa Castle now houses a school and its grounds have become a public park. With the help of surviving letters and a diary Miss Taylor, as curator of the museum there, records the history of this extravagant piece of ostentation and the stressful story of its inhabitants through several generations.

Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. Vol. 16. 213pp. Royal Historical Society.

While the current volume begins with the twelfth century, represented by a study of one of Henry II's great ecclesiastical officials, Richard of Ilchester, the majority of the eight papers concentrate attention on more recent periods. Among them is one on the relationship between Gladstone and Lord John Russell, while another discusses Bentham and the French Revolution. Two of the contributions deal with aspects of Scottish history.

Librarianship

CORBETT, E. V. *An Introduction to Librarianship.* 442pp. James Clarke. 45s.

This new edition of a textbook first published in 1963 takes account of new developments in the library world since then and, in particular, of the publication of the Public Libraries and Museums Act, 1964.

Library and Information Bulletin. Volume 1, Number 1. 32pp. The Library Association. Subscriptions £3 per annum.

The Bulletin is to appear quarterly and its future contents may be to some extent modified or adapted to suit the needs and interests of users, as these become evident. The initial objects are to provide a means of recording monograph additions to the stock of the Library Association's own library (and, incidentally, to introduce readers to the system of classification now adopted in preference to Dewey for the subject of library science) and to show the scope of the Association's Library and Information Bureau. This first number contains, besides the list of additions to the library, a detailed review of the American Library Association's Handbook on library statistics; a gramophone record libraries survey and a bibliography of adult and general reading surveys.

Philosophy

VOLTAIRE. *The Philosophy of History.* With a Preface by Thomas Kiernan. 246pp. Vision Press. 25s.

This volume reprints the text of the first English translation of *La Philosophie de l'histoire*, published in 1766, the year after the appearance of the original. Voltaire's concern here is not, of course, with the philosophy of history in the modern sense, but rather with surveying from the standpoint of rational scepticism proper to a *philosophe* the then known facts and accepted beliefs about early man, the ancient world, and in particular pre-Christian religions. Voltaire later used this essay as an opening section to his universal history, the *Essai sur les moeurs*, and for the modern reader it can well serve as an introduction to his corrosive techniques when dealing with historical tradition and religious belief.

Psychology

RATCLIFFE, T. A. *The Development of Personality.* 118pp. Allen and Unwin. 20s.

The Development of Personality, written by a medical man, is intended for nurses, health visitors, teachers, marriage counsellors, social workers and others who have to do with problems commonly called psychological. Among the topics discussed are early emotional relationships, effects of parental deprivation, the growth and measurement of intelligence, psychosomatic illness and some psychological problems of adolescence. Although sensible and non-technical, this book inevitably conveys a somewhat didactic tone and takes its subject very earnestly. A little lightheartedness and a suggestion that critical sense as well as knowledge is worth while would have made a better book.

Railways

NOCK, O. S. *Steam Railways of Britain in Colour.* Illustrated by Clifford and Wendy Meadway. 195pp. Blandford Press. 21s.

This companion volume to *The Pocket Encyclopaedia of British Steam Locomotives* (noticed here in October, 1964) offers a large selection of coloured plates of historical "steamers" and also of carriages of all shapes and sizes, company livery and signalling. Mr. Nock is, as always, well informed and concise in his annotation; he rightly praises the talent of the old companies for displaying both good taste and heraldic splendour and remarks on the functional elegance of the signalling apparatus; this, one suspects, was because these matters were not farmed out to artistic advisers but were left to the engineers. The plates, again by Clifford and Wendy Meadway, are a joy. Younger travellers brought up on the dismal taste of B.R., can now see for themselves how truly beautiful were the old engines and coaches decked out in their reds and blues and greens and golds.

Sports and Pastimes

LOVE, JOHN. *Chess—a new Introduction.* 85pp. G. Bell. 10s. 6d.

The author, who, in collaboration with John Hodgkins, has already written two good books on chess for the young player, has here produced an excellent introduction to the game for beginners. The approach is a straightforward, sensible one, and at the end there are some wise words of advice from which even those who already deem themselves proficient could benefit.

MORRAH, PATRICK. *The Golden Age of Cricket.* With an Introduction by Sir Neville Cardus. 230pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 10s.

It is appropriate that Sir Neville Cardus should write an introduction to Mr. Patrick Morrah's *The Golden Age of Cricket*, for Mr. Morrah closely adheres to Sir Neville's reiterated theory that cricket reflects the social aspects of the times. Mr. Morrah defines the "golden age" as occurring between 1895 and 1914 - Sir Neville, somewhat contradicting himself, is now inclined to place it in 1930, hardly a time of national pride or opulence—and manages to tell a familiar story in an interesting way. He does not allow himself many rhetorical flourishes but his prose throughout is rich and satisfying and the great figures he celebrates are drawn with a discerning eye for their idiosyncrasies.

Travel and Topography

MANNIN, ETHEL. *An American Journey.* 212pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

Miss Mannin travels with a sense of wonder and a social conscience. She rides across the United States by bus and takes in everything from her fellow passengers to the religious hoardings. She reflects sadly on the problems of the Negro and the American Indian. The book scores on two counts. The serious pages are persuasively done and when Miss Mannin visits the tourist attractions she finds something new to say.

World Affairs

CARADON, LORD. *Race Relations in the British Commonwealth and the United Nations.* 25pp. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

Lord Caradon's Smuts Memorial lecture at Cambridge last August was a fervent warning of the perils of racial discrimination, "the greatest issue of our time". Not politicians and experts alone, but everyone must make up his own mind about this issue, he insisted, for the conflict that could begin in southern Africa between black and white might involve the whole world. The Commonwealth could here have a great influence for good, and he concluded his argument with Milton's words, "Let not England forget her precedence in teaching nations how to live".

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Frank Cass has brought out the following: *A New and Accurate Description of the Coast of Guinea* by William Bosman (577pp. £9 9s.) with a new introduction by John Ralph Willis and notes by J. D. Fage and R. E. Bradbury. The first English edition appeared in 1705, having previously been published in the Dutch in 1704; later editions were the second edition in 1721 and the Sir Alfred Jones edition in 1907; *Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman* by Richard Austin Freeman (559pp. £6 6s.) which first came out in 1898 and now appears in a new edition; *Life in Southern Nigeria* by P. Amaury Talbot (356pp. £4 10s.) which was first published in 1923; *The School in the Bush* by A. Victor Murray (454pp. £3 15s.) which first appeared in 1929; *Religious Aspects of the Conquest of Mexico* by Charles S. Braden (344pp. £4 4s.) which was first published in 1930 by Duke University Press, Durham, N.C.; *The Agricultural Revolution in Norfolk* by Naomi Riches, with a new bibliographical note by W. H. Chaloner (194pp. £2 5s.), first published in 1937 by the University of North Carolina Press; *Records of Captain Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa* by Richard Lander, in two volumes. Vol. I: 310pp. Vol. II: 293pp. £8 8s. the set. It first came out in 1830. *A Brief History of Panics and their periodical occurrence in the United States* by Clement Juglar, translated and edited with an introduction brought up to date by DeCourcy W. Thom (189pp. £3 15s.), first published in 1893.

KAMA SUTRA: Hindu Art of Love (complete English translation of the authentic original Sanskrit text of Vatsyayana) by S. C. Upadhyay, M.A., LL.B., D.Litt. (Delhi). 176 pp. (including 8 full-page illustrations). 16 (in Publishers in India: D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co. Private Ltd., Bombay. In U.K. CHARLES SHELTON LTD., London, W.1.

KAMA KALPA: Hindu Art of Love (Based on Jayadeva, Bhartari and other Sanskrit Writers on Love and Sex Life) by Thomas Wise. 225 Sanskrit illus. Lalita. Published by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co. Private Ltd. Bombay. In U.K. MICHAEL ROBERTS, LEISURE PUBLICATIONS, Street Kings Road, Ilford, Essex, England.

SELECTED PAPERBACKS

Architecture. R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER: *No More Secondhand God.* Southern Illinois University Press. 18s.

Biography and Memoirs.—WALTER JACKSON BATE: *John Keats.* Oxford University Press. 18s. JOHN W. WHITE-BUSSETT: *Hindenburg.* Paperbac. 25s. EDMUND BLUNDEN: *Thomas Hardy.* Paperbac. 8s. 6d. VIOLET BESHAM CARTER: *Winston Churchill As I Knew Him.* Pan. 7s. 6d. G. K. CHESTERTON: *Robert Browning.* Paperbac. 8s. 6d. HERBERT GOTTSCHALK: *Bertrand Russell: A Life.* Unwin Books. 5s. DAVID KRAUSS: *Sean O'Casey.* MacGibbon and Kee. 21s. BEVERLEY NICHOLS: *A Cure of Human Bondage.* Mayflower-Dell. 5s.

Classical Studies.—CAESAR: *The Civil War.* Translated and introduced by Jane F. Mitchell. Penguin. 7s. 6d.

Cookery.—FLORENCE GREENBERG: *Jewish Cookery.* Penguin. 7s. 6d.

Drama.—ROBERT GRIFFIN: *The Scottish History of James the Fourth.* Edited by I. A. Lavin. New Mermaids. 9s. 6d. DAVID MERCER: *The Generations.* Calder and Boyars. 24s. The New Penguin Shakespeare: *Julius Caesar.* Edited by Norman Sanders. 4s. 6d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Edited by T. J. B. Spencer. 6s. *Coriolanus.* Edited by G. R. Hibbard. 6s. *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Edited by Stanley Wells. 4s. 6d. *The Merchant of Venice.* Edited by W. Moelwyn Merchant. 4s. 6d. *Macbeth.* Edited by G. K. Hunter. 4s. 6d. Penguin. J. M. SYNGE: *Deirdre of the Sorrows.* Unwin Books. 6s.

Economics.—ROBERT W. CAMPBELL: *Soviet Economic Power.* Paperbac. 15s. W. MANNING DACEY: *The British Banking Mechanism.* Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d.

Education.—BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Education and the Social Order.* Unwin Books. 7s. 6d.

Fiction.—JAMES BALDWIN: *Going to Meet the Man.* Corgi. 5s. TRUMAN CAPOTE: *A Tree of Night.* Penguin. 3s. 6d. J. P. DONLEAVY: *Meet My Maker The Mad Molecule.* Penguin. 3s. 6d. J. S. LEFANU: *Uncle Silas.* With a new introduction by Frederick Shroyer. Dover Publications. 16s. F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Pat Hobby Stories.* With an introduction by Arnold Gingrich. Penguin. 4s. 6d. JEAN GENET: *The Thief's Journal.* Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Penguin. 6s. ANDREW GRAHAM: *The Club.* Illustrated by Robert Lancaster. Paperbac. 15s. FRANK HARVEY: *Nightmare Country.* Corgi. 5s. THOMAS HINDE: *Games of Chance.* Corgi. 6s. LLOYD JONES (Editor): *The Modernes.* An anthology of new American writing. Mayflower-Dell. 6s. GOTTFRIED KELLER: *Martin Salander.* Translated by Kenneth Halwas. Calder and Boyars. 15s. CESARE PAVESE: *The Harvesters.* Translated by A. E. Murch. Mayflower-Dell. 3s. 6d. JOHN PEARSON: *Gone to Timbuctoo.* Fontana. 3s. 6d. ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER: *Satan in Goray.* Corgi. 5s. EVA TUCKER: *Comates.* Calder and Boyars. 12s. 6d.

Folklore.—JACOB GRIMM: *Teutonic Mythology.* Translated with notes by James Steven Stallybrass. In four volumes. Dover Publications. 20s. each.

Geography.—J. P. COLE: *Geography of the USSR.* Penguin. 7s. 6d.

History.—*Life in the Middle Ages.* Selected, translated and annotated by G. G. Coulton. I and II. 15s. III and IV. 17s. 6d. Cambridge University Press. *The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787.* In four volumes. Edited by Max Farrand. 20s. each. Yale University Press. JOHN D. HARGREAVES: *Prelude to the Partition of West Africa.* Paperbac. 25s. E. J. HOBSBAWM: *The Age of Revolution. 1789-1848.* Mentor. 7s. 6d. L. C. B. SEAMAN: *Post-Victorian Britain. 1902-1951.* University Paperbacks. 25s.

Literature and Literary Criticism.—MARCUS CLIFFE: *The Literature of the United States.* Pelican. 7s. 6d. A. E. DYSON: *The Crazy Fabric.* Paperbac. 15s. J. B. LEISHMAN: *Themes and Variations in Shakespeare's Sonnets.* Hutchinson University Library. 15s. LAURENCE LERNER (Editor): *Shakespeare's Comedies.* Anthology of Modern Criticism. Penguin. 7s. 6d. R. W. S. MEDL: *Revelation in Shakespeare.* Calder and Boyars. 15s. THOMAS PERCY: *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* In three volumes. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Dover Publications. 18s. each. ANNE RIDLER: *Shakespeare and the Idea of the Play.* Penguin. 5s.

Music.—THURSTON DART: *The Interpretation of Music.* Hutchinson University Library. 11s. 6d. PHYLLIS HARTNOLL (Editor): *Shakespeare in Music.* A Collection of Essays. Paperbac. 21s. F. ROBERT SCHMITZ: *The Piano Works of Claude Debussy.* Foreword by Virgil Thomson. Dover Publications. 14s.

Natural History. RICHARD FITTER, assisted by MAISIE FITTER: *The Penguin Dictionary of British Natural History.* Penguin. 8s. 6d.

Poetry. ROBERT HUNGERFORD: *Poems.* Selected and edited by Charles Elliott. Clarendon Press. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Reference Books.—ROBIN HYMAN (Compiler): *A Dictionary of Famous Quotations.* Pan. 7s. 6d. *Roget's Thesaurus.* Revised by Robert A. Dutch. Penguin. 12s. 6d.

Religion. *The Declaration on Religious Freedom of Vatican Council II.* With a commentary by Edna McDonagh, Darton, Longman and Todd. 7s. 6d. NOEL PALMER: *The Pattern of Life in the Holy Communion.* Darton, Longman and Todd. 7s. 6d. BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Why I am Not a Christian.* Unwin Books. 8s. 6d.

Science.—ARTHUR GARRATT (Editor): *Penguin Technology Survey 1967.* Penguin. 10s. HERBERT H. ROSS: *Understanding Evolution.* Spectrum Books. 20s.

Social Studies. EDWARD C. BANFIELD: *The Moral Basis of a Backward Society.* Collier-Macmillan. 15s. KURT LEWIN: *Field Theory in Social Science.* Edited by Dorwin Cartwright. Social Science Paperbacks in association with Tavistock Publications. JAN MYRDAL: *Report from a Chinese Village.* Pelican. 10s. 6d. HARRY STEFT: *Freedom, the Individual and the Law.* Pelican. 6s.

Travel and Topography.—*Len Deighton's London Dossier.* Penguin. 7s. 6d.

World Affairs.—FRANTZ FANON: *The Wretched of the Earth.* Penguin. 6s. Preface by Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Constance Farrington. FELIX GREENE: *Vietnam! Vietnam!* A Penguin Special. 12s. 6d.

List of Publishers and Distributors.—Corgi (Transworld); Dover Publications (Constable); Mentor (New English Library); New Mermaids (Ernest Benn); Papermac (Macmillan); Pelican (Penguin); Spectrum (Prentice-Hall); Southern Illinois University Press (Feffer and Simons); University Paperbacks (Methuen); Unwin Books (Allen and Unwin).

INFORMATION, PLEA

M. Marcelle Auclair, author of Life and Love Recorded (biography and bibliography), physical description.

Mr. Arthur Wright
8A Meadow Road, Northwicke, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Harold Monro and Mary Russell Mitford (working up of correspondence on their unpublished correspondence; for a new edition of the Barrett-Browning letters).

Elton Kinner
Department of English, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

Thomas Moore (any letters, documents, &c., relating to her or her husband Edward Archer for a biography).

Co Allen Hoar and Yvonne Kapp
8 Regent's Park Terrace, London, N.W.1.

George Meredith (whereabouts of manuscripts, &c., for a bibliography and description check list).

Michael Collie
Faculty of Arts and Science, York University, Toronto 12, Ontario.

Gilbert Murray (documents, correspondence, reminiscences).

M. L. Grieve,
Department of We'rn M's., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Vance Palmer (1885-1959), Australian novelist, and *Nettie Palmer* (1885-1964) any correspondence or reminiscences.

Vivian Brian Smith,
16 Star Street, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania.

Pitt Clubs (copies of the rules, of any of the Pitt clubs, founded in the early nineteenth century; whereabouts of the rulebook of the Northwich Pitt club.

R. Guest-Gornall,
The Whitefield, Stockton Heath, Cheshire.

William Poel (1852-1934), actor-manager; any material on his lecture-tour and stage productions in the United States, June-December, 1916.

Miss Goni Michaeloff,
Department of Speech, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Thomas Poole and his Friends, by Mrs. H. Sandford, 1888; whereabouts of the Journal of Charlotte Poole and the Rev. John Poole, referred to in this book.

Frederick A. Whiting,
Old Smugglers Cottage, Hurtis Hill, Crowborough, Sussex.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed: his poem "The Vicar" contains the line "Cat's cradle, leapfrog, gossip". Any explanation of the expression, particularly as feminine game.

Mary Gaye,
Faber and Faber Ltd., 24 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Sir Uvedale Price (1747-1829): letters of Ward-worth and Sir Uvedale's descendants; manuscripts for a collected edition.

Hugh Kinner
Department of English, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

5 West 86th Street, Apt. 5,
New York 10024.

William Prowse, wife of Sir William Prowse, the Star Chamber, 1631; any direct descendants.

Redclyffe, Mont Plaisir, St. Peter Port,
Channel Islands.

Edgar Allan Poe and family; information about any connection of the *Morgante Maggiore* with the family (it is quoted in Poe's "The Bargain Lost").

Thomas O. Mabbott,
Editor, The Bellknap Press,
Harrington Avenue, New York 10023.

Edith Rickham, wife of Sir Henry Rickham, artist; information on her death, last known address, biographical details.

Shirley Sharpe,
Schocken Books Inc., 67 Park Avenue, New York, 10016.

Allan Ramsay (1713-84), Scottish painter; whereabouts of any privately-owned works of art; correspondence; for a scholarly *Ramsay* now in preparation.

Alistair Smart,
Department of Fine Arts, University, Nottingham.

Charles Reade (1814-84), novelist, playwright; letters, manuscripts, correspondence.

Thomas Duncan,
35 Seymour Road, South London, S.W.18.

Captain Mayne Reid, nineteenth-century writer of adventure stories; manuscripts, letters, notes, &c.

Mrs. Reid,
Department of English, University of California, Los Angeles.

Owen Rhoscomyl (Owen Vaughan), Welsh novelist; any personal information, particularly his novel *Old Elephant*.

Donald L. Gilmore,
Department of English, University of California, Riverside.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LIBRARIANS

BOROUGH OF ACCRINGTON

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARIAN in charge of the Central Lending Library service. Preference will be given to Chartered Librarians but applications from other suitably qualified candidates will be considered.

Salary will be within the Librarian scale, rising to a maximum of £1,695, entry point according to qualifications and experience. Housing accommodation will be available if required.

Further details may be obtained on application to the Borough Librarian, Public Library, St. James Street, Accrington.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to me at least reach me at the Town Hall, Accrington, by 20th May, 1967.

KENNETH YATES, Town Clerk.

CITY OF YORK
Public Libraries

Music and Record Librarian

Applications are invited from librarians with suitable qualifications and experience for this interesting post which, in addition to full responsibility for the music collection and for inaugurating a new gramophone record department, Librarians' Grade, subject to bar (£820 to £1,220, minimum £1,060 for Chartered Librarians). Approved removal expenses up to a maximum of £20 will be paid. Candidates able to commence duties in August will be considered. Applications, with full details of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees to the undersigned by 1st June, 1967.

O. S. Tomlinson, City Librarian.
City Library, Museum Street, York.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Librarian in the Commercial Library. Salary APIV £1,435—£1,665.

Details and application forms may be obtained from The City Librarian, Reference Library, Public Library, Ratcliff Place, Birmingham, 1. Closing date, 26th May, 1967.

ROYAL COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE
EAST BERKS COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN. Salary Scale £620 to £1,045 (special scale for Librarians), the point of entry and progression within the scale being dependent upon experience and qualifications.

Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, East Berks College, Rose Hill Avenue, Maidenhead.

BRADFORD CITY LIBRARIES
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Art)
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Music)
Bradford Central Library

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience for the above positions in Grade A.P. III/IV (£1,220 to £1,665).

One hundred per cent mortgage and short-term housing accommodation may be available. Removal expenses up to £50 and a temporary lodging allowance or travelling allowance may be payable.

Applications, with names of two referees, to City Librarian, Central Library, Prince's Way, Bradford, 3, by May 19th, 1967.

BRIGHTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES
require a
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

to take charge of work with children throughout the borough. Salary, AP IV. Holiday and pay. Lodging accommodation may be available. Approved removal expenses refunded.

Applications (no special form necessary) to the Director, North Gate House, Church Street, Brighton, 1, within a fortnight.

W. O. DODD, Town Clerk.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS in the County Library Service:—
REGIONAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN, Bletchley.—A.P. III/IV, £1,220 to £1,665 per annum.
LENDING LIBRARIAN, Slough Central.—A.P. III/IV, £1,220 to £1,665 per annum.
BRANCH LIBRARIAN, Woburn Sands.—A.P. III, £1,220 per annum.
MOBILE LIBRARIAN, Amersham, Bletchley, Buckingham.—A.P. III, £820 to £1,020 per annum.
N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful candidates subject to medical examination.
In approved cases the County Council makes a grant, towards removal expenses up to a maximum of £100.
Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Applications (no formal, with the names and addresses of two referees) to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 18th May, 1967.

BOROUGH OF CASTLEFORD
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANTS (TWO)

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified Librarians for these two appointments. Salaries in accordance with Ministry Grade. Entry point on the scale to be determined by professional qualifications and experience.

N.J.C. Conditions: superannuable; terminable by one month's notice either side; contributing disqualifies.

Further details from Borough Librarian and Curator, Carlton Street, Castleford.

Applications, on forms obtainable from me, to be returned not later than 9 a.m. on the 15th May, 1967.

ERNEST HUTCHINSON, Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Castleford, Yorkshire.

COVENTRY EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COVENTRY TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Principal, David Bellhouse, A.R.W.A., A.T.D., F.S.A.A., A.M.I.E.
TUTOR LIBRARIAN

This is a new post vacant from 1st September, 1967. The person appointed will be required to organize the new College Library, which is scheduled to be opened in December, 1967.

Applicants should have qualifications/experience in librarianship. Salary, Lecturer Grade I, £1,675 to £2,130 pa.

Application forms and further particulars from the Registrar, College of Art, Cope Street, Coventry.

DEVON COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Senior Assistant (Services Department) at the Headquarters Library, Exeter. Salary Librarian Grade (Maximum £1,220). Particulars from the County Librarian, Burley House, St. Thomas, Exeter.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF DUDLEY
LIBRARIES, MUSEUMS AND ARTS DEPARTMENT

The enlarged County Borough of Dudley (population 175,000) is rethinking the provision of cultural activities. The Libraries, Museums, Arts and Civic Information services are being grouped under the Borough Librarian as Director. In the recently extended Central Library an attempt has been made to break down the traditional barriers and to introduce new methods and new ideas.

Librarians attracted by this approach and who believe that they have something to contribute are invited to apply for the following posts:—

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN (A.P. 3/4, £1,220 to £1,665)

This Officer is responsible to the Director for the civic information bureau, information services at all libraries, staff training and stock revision in the reference field.

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS (Librarians' Grade, £820 to £1,435)

Two posts are available in this Grade which offer excellent opportunity for a young librarian to gain experience in the administration of all Departments and Branches of the library service; including branch outside advisory work, the mobile library, work with children and schools, cataloguing, local history and archives, and branch libraries.

Applications for the post of Reference Librarian must be Chartered Librarians.

Commencing salary in all cases will depend on qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from me and the completed forms should reach me by 11th May, 1967.

T. D. WADSWORTH, Town Clerk.
The Council House, Dudley, Worcs.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
WEST GLOUCESTERSHIRE COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
CINDERFORD, GLOUCESTER

APPLICATIONS are invited immediately for the POST OF TUTOR LIBRARIAN to take charge of the developing College Library.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians. Salary, Grade "B" Burnham Scale, 1965 to £1,625.

Further particulars and form of application from the Principal.

LIBRARIANS

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POST:—
ASSISTANT-IN-CHARGE of Mobile Library Service—Grade A.P. III (£1,140 to £1,435, plus London Weighting).

Five-day 36-hour week. Superannuation and sick pay scheme. Applicants should have experience of mobile library work.

Forms of application and terms of application obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2. Closing date, 22nd May, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH

Part-time HOSPITAL LIBRARIAN required. 12 hours a week, £350 p.a.

Apply immediately to the Borough Librarian, West Hill, S.W.18, stating qualifications and experience.

D. P. KERR, Town Clerk.
Municipal Buildings, S.W.18.

BOROUGH OF MIDDLETON
PUBLIC LIBRARY
APPOINTMENT OF
AN DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN, A.P. Grade IV (£1,435-£1,665).
(2) SENIOR ASSISTANT, Librarian's Grade (£820-£1,220). Two posts.

Applications are invited for the above posts from suitably qualified persons. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. For the new Deputy (1) hospitals accommodation will be made available if required.

The appointments will be subject to the N.J.C. Scheme of Conditions of Service, and to the passing of a medical examination.

Middleton is situated six miles north-east of Manchester and has a population of 60,000. There are 5 branch library, one full-time and one part-time branch library, and a new full-time branch library at present under construction.

Duties of the Senior Assistants can include charge of Reader's Advisor, cataloguing, preparation of publicity material, relief in the Reference Library, &c.

Applications, with the names of two referees, should be received by the Borough Librarian, Central Public Library, Middleton, Manchester, not later than Monday, 15th May, 1967.

FRANK JOHNSTON, Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Middleton, Manchester.

NORTHWICH URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably experienced persons for the appointment of Deputy Librarian. Salary within Grade A.P. III/III, (£1,020 to £1,435 per annum). Housing accommodation will be made available if applicant agrees to the successful applicant and assistance much with removal expenses.

Applications stating age, experience and qualifications, together with the names of two referees, should be received by the undersigned not later than noon on 19th May, 1967.

Canvassing will disqualify and applicants should state whether or not they are related to any Senior Member or Officer of the Council.

H. D. BUCKING, Clerk of the Council.
The Council House, Church Road, Northwich, Cheshire.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
ARNOLD AND CARLTON COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

Dudby Avenue, Mapperley, Nottingham
Principal, C. E. Skinner, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of COLLEGE LIBRARIAN as from 1 September, 1967. Suitable Chartered Librarians, preferably with experience of the special needs of further Education.

Salary: £1,220 to £1,435 per annum.

Application forms and further particulars from Principal (address above; telephone 240475) to reach him not later than 15th May, 1967.

A. R. DAVIS, Clerk of the County Council.

PARKLAND REGIONAL LIBRARY

Situated in Central Alberta, midway between Edmonton and Lethbridge, this busy branch library requires a young librarian with a flair for public relations, three weeks paid holidays and excellent public salaries. Starting salary will be within the range $5,500 to $6,500. (Approximately £1,830 to £2,160) according to experience. We are a male chartered librarian, able to spend a public relations and with two years' library experience, wanting a challenging, responsible well-paid job with good working conditions. Apply to Personnel Officer, Parkland Regional Library, Lacombe, Alberta, Canada.

PEMBROKESHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the appointment of BRANCH LIBRARIAN, Milford Haven, at a salary in accordance with the special N.J.C. scale, £820 to £1,435 (minimum for Chartered Librarian, £1,060). The Library is a development of the Grade Three Pembrokeshire County National Park, and the liberty is being given to the successful candidate to arrange hours, subject to medical examination and N.J.C. conditions and terminable by one month's notice.

Applications, giving age, particulars of education, qualifications and experience, with the names of two referees, to be sent to the Clerk of the County Council, County Offices, Haverfordwest, not later than 15th May, 1967. Canvassing will disqualify.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified Librarians for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT in charge travelling Library based on Reigate. The post is graded on the N.J.C. Scale of Salaries, £820 to £1,220. Entry point on the scale will be determined by qualifications and experience.

Applications with house purchase and generous relocation expenses will be considered. Closing date, 12 noon, 19th May, 1967.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, and quoting reference 3/1, to the Chief Librarian and Curator, Orchard Road, Guildford, Surrey.

WARWICKSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
NUNEATON COLDFIELD COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
Nuneaton Road, Bulkington Coldfield

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of a Librarian from a suitably qualified person who passed the Part II (Final) examination of the Library Association and experience in a library. Salary will be on the scale for Assistant Librarians.

Scale: A.P. III/IV, £1,220 to £1,665 per annum. Assistance will be given towards the cost of the journey in approved cases.

Forms of application and further particulars are obtained from the Principal, College of Further Education, Nuneaton Road, Bulkington Coldfield, to which they should be returned as soon as possible.

HENRY ST. TRENCH, County Education Officer.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH

Suitably experienced SENIOR ASSISTANT required for following POST:—
SENIOR ASSISTANT, Grade A.P. III, Record Library, Wandsworth.

An interest in genealogy and family history would be an advantage.

Commencing salary will be within the scale for Assistant Librarians, and will be determined by the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant.

Applications, giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience, to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upshott, Wandsworth, S.W.18, quoting reference 3/1.

BOROUGH OF HARROGATE
PUBLIC LIBRARY, MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:
(1) DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN and CURATOR (A.P. IV).
(2) SENIOR ASSISTANTS (Librarians' Scale).

Applications are invited (1) should be Chartered Librarians and should have had earlier administrative experience.

Remuneration for posts (2) should preferably be Chartered Librarians. Salary according to qualifications and experience.

Removal expenses considered. Additional information from the Borough Librarian and Curator.

Applications to be delivered to the undersigned by 20th May.

J. NEVILLE KNOX, Town Clerk.
Municipal Buildings, Harrogate.

LIBRARIANS

WEST RIDING COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following TWO POSTS:—
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Music) County Library Headquarters.
Salary, £1,220 to £1,435 for Chartered Librarians.
LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE, Mobile Region Mobile Branch Library, based Maltby (near Doncaster).
Salary £1,060 to £1,435 for Chartered Librarians.

Candidates taking Library Association Examinations considered for both posts, partly qualified candidates considered for the second post. Salary £820 to £1,220 according to qualifications and experience.

For further details and form of application please apply to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Balne Lane, Wakefield.

WEST SUFFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL
LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS COMMITTEE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the Post of BRANDT LIBRARIAN at Haverhill. The Branch will serve a growing population from a new pre-fabricated (Terrapin-block) building to be opened shortly.

Salary within the Librarian Scale £820 to £1,220 per annum (minimum of £1,060 for Chartered Librarians) with starting point according to qualifications and experience.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, with names of two referees, should reach the County Librarian, Shire Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, by 15th May, 1967.

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY
REGIONAL LIBRARIAN

The service in the north-east of the county is to be rationalized later this year, the region consisting of the full-time library at Redditch (in building opened January, 1966), the part-time libraries at Alvechurch, Bromsgrove and Rednal and the mobile library service to the district within 14 days's. The Redditch Library is to be upgraded to become the headquarters of the region.

Salary grade AP IV.

Application forms and details obtainable from the County Librarian, Tagore Centre, Worcester, Closing date 12 May.

UNIVERSITY OF YORK
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of DEPUTY LIBRARIAN in the University Library. The successful candidate will be required to take up his appointment before the beginning of the October session. Salary will be on the range £2,025 to £1,125, with FSSU.

Four copies of application, naming three referees, should be sent to the Librarian, The Academic University of York, Heslington, York, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Assistant Librarian (Grade IV to take charge of the extensive range of publications and other reading aids maintained for the Institute's loan service to colleges and schools.

Salary range £1,040 (age 25 or over) to £1,525 (including Inner London Weighting).

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians, preferably with experience of the special needs of further Education.

Salary: £1,220 to £1,435 per annum.

Application forms and further particulars from Principal (address above; telephone 240475) to reach him not later than 15th May, 1967.

A. R. DAVIS, Clerk of the County Council.

PARKLAND REGIONAL LIBRARY

Situated in Central Alberta, midway between Edmonton and Lethbridge, this busy branch library requires a young librarian with a flair for public relations, three weeks paid holidays and excellent public salaries. Starting salary will be within the range $5,500 to $6,500. (Approximately £1,830 to £2,160) according to experience. We are a male chartered librarian, able to spend a public relations and with two years' library experience, wanting a challenging, responsible well-paid job with good working conditions. Apply to Personnel Officer, Parkland Regional Library, Lacombe, Alberta, Canada.

ROBERT GORDON'S INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ABERDEEN
Director, David Bulmer, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.I.C.

LIBRARIANSHIP
NEW FULL-TIME COURSE

A two-year full-time course of study for the Part I (Intermediate) examination of the Library Association will commence in September, 1967. Graduates in Librarianship are invited for the following posts:

PROGRAMME LIBRARIAN, to be responsible to the Director for the new course.

TWO LECTURERS, one to lecture on Public Health depending on qualifications and experience.

Applicants should be chartered librarians on honours degree and have Library Association qualifications.

Salary scales:—
Principal Lecturer, £2,345 to £1,025
Lecturer, Grade II, £1,905 to £2,320
and for Lecturer, Grade I, £1,675 to £1,905
Lecturer Grade II, £1,245 to £1,095
and for Honours Graduates to £1,245.

There will be an initial intake of all full time students into the first year course rather than into the second year as planned from the undergraduate to whom applications should be addressed. 19th May, 1967.

CHARLES BIRNIE, Secretary to the Governors, Schoolhill, Aberdeen.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL
(University of London)

APPLICATIONS are invited for APPOINTMENT as SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Grade A.P. III, Grade III (£1,020 to £1,435) per annum.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, and quoting reference 3/1, to the Chief Librarian, Orsett Road, Grays, Essex.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH

Suitably experienced SENIOR ASSISTANT required for following POST:—
SENIOR ASSISTANT, Grade A.P. III, Record Library, Wandsworth.

An interest in genealogy and family history would be an advantage.

Commencing salary will be within the scale for Assistant Librarians, and will be determined by the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant.

Applications, giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience, to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upshott, Wandsworth, S.W.18, quoting reference 3/1.

ROAN SCHOOLS, GREENWICH
(Aided Grammar Schools)

Wanted in September, 1967, a qualified librarian (A.L.A.) to work half-time. Working hours can be arranged to give full school holidays with pay.

Or: full-time qualified LIBRARIAN to work half-time in Roan Girls' School and half-time in Roan Boys' School.

Salary scale: full-time, £1,200 by £50 to £1,350 by £75 to £1,425 (half-time would be two thirds).

Apply to the Headmistress, Roan School for Girls, Greenwich, S.E.10.

LIBRARIANS

MARY WARD COLLEGE

Qualified LIBRARIAN, experienced in administration, required in January to assist the Librarian in this new College of Education, opening at Old Windsor, Berks, session 1967-68, transferring to permanent address at Keyworth, Nottingham, in July, 1968. Salary within the range £920 to £1,125.

Applications with copies of testimonials to the Librarian, Mary Ward College, Keyworth, Nottingham.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from Graduates with good honours degrees for POSTS of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Grade III, Professional qualifications, experience in cataloguing or reader services and knowledge of modern languages will be additional recommendations.

Salaries on the Assistant Librarian grades: Grade II, £1,025 to £1,330 per annum; appointments in Grade I salary range £1,470 to £2,630 per annum may be made by promotion from Grade II.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, by whom applications, with the names of not more than three referees, should be received not later than 20th May, 1967.

Please Quote Ref.: RV/496/TES.

LIBRARY, INFORMATION OFFICER

A Library and Information officer is required to be responsible, with the aid of two assistants, for the maintenance and development of a small library (mainly technical) and information service. Duties will include classification, retrieval of information on selection procedure from all sources and providing answers to enquiries. Candidates should be qualified librarians and possess experience in a technical library, including scanning and compilation of technical abstracts.

Salary will be commensurate with experience and qualifications.

Applications, giving details of qualifications, experience, age and present salary, should be sent within 14 days's. The Secretary (L10), The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, 'Bodwell House', 2 Gloucester Gardens, London, N.W.1.

JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

JOB TECHNICAL LIBRARY
Age 16-19, three G.C.E. levels, including English Literature preferred. Clerical duties. Five-day week. Junction Vacancies. Salary scale £400 plus.
Apply to:

PIDA
15-17 Bulstrode Street, London, W.C.1
Telephone LAN. 9174

Four copies of application, naming three referees, should be sent to the Librarian, The University of York, Heslington, York, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBERT GORDON'S INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ABERDEEN
Director, David Bulmer, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.I.C.

LIBRARIANSHIP
NEW FULL-TIME COURSE

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Salary scales:—
Principal Lecturer, £2,345 to £1,025
Lecturer, Grade II, £1,905 to £2,320
and for Lecturer, Grade I, £1,675 to £1,905
Lecturer Grade II, £1,245 to £1,095
and for Honours Graduates to £1,245.

There will be an initial intake of all full time students into the first year course rather than into the second year as planned from the undergraduate to whom applications should be addressed. 19th May, 1967.

CHARLES BIRNIE, Secretary to the Governors, Schoolhill, Aberdeen.

FLOUR MILLING AND BAKING RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

A YOUNG LIBRARIAN

Salary would be on a scale from £900 to £1,500 but a Chartered Librarian would not receive less than £1,050.

Five-day week: pensionable, possibly under F.S.S.U. Chorleywood Station is in very pleasant surroundings.

Please write giving details of age, qualifications and experience to:

The Secretary, F.M.B.R.A., Chorleywood, Rickmansworth, Herts.

LIBRARIAN

The City Architect's Department requires a CHARTERED LIBRARIAN to develop its techn cal library into a full information service for architects, engineers and quantity surveyors. The librarian will have an experienced assistant, and initial in-service training under a specialist library consultant will be available if required.

Salary will be up to £1,115 at present but is under review.

Five day week: staff canteen.

Application forms obtainable from Alex. Steele, D.A.(Edin.), A.R.I.B.A., City Architect, City Chambers, Edinburgh 1.

(continued on back page)

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER
RESEARCH ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Research Assistantship for work on a "Survey in depth of a selected information field" to be directed by Dr. A. J. Meadows. A degree in science with subsequent experience in library or information work is desirable.

Salary scale, £1,185 to £1,360 a year.

Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by 11th May.

ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION

The Architectural Association, with the support of the office for Scientific and Technical Information, proposes to set up a pilot study of the information needs of architects. A research worker is needed as soon as possible. The initial period is six months, with the likelihood of extension for a further eighteen months.

Applicants from information scientists/librarians with experience in the building industry or architects with information research background. Details from and applications to, The Director of Programme, Architectural Association, 34 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER
LECTURESHIP OR SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN ITALIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Lectureship in Italian, but the University is prepared to consider an appointment at the Senior Lectureship grade.

Salary Scale, Lecturer £1,470 to £2,630; Senior Lecturer £2,790 to £3,415 plus FSSU membership.

Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by 26th May.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Exhibitions by PAULA BOSWELL (Mexico) Sculpture by ANILO ROY (India). Weekdays 10-5 inc.